

# HIT COMICS

SEPTEMBER  
No. 60

10¢



**KID ETERNITY**  
petrifies  
**THE MUMMY!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



BOYS! here's great news!

# ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action  
into INDOOR thrills

Jim Prentice

IT'S A  
FENCE  
BUSTER

## ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE THIS ARE BROUGHT INDOORS BY ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO CALL THE GAME BECAUSE OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US HERE! NOW ADMIT YOU WERE KIDDING, WHEN YOU SAID WE'D FINISH THE GAME IN YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN CONTINUE THE PLAY ON THIS ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

SAY, THAT LOOKS SHARP! LET'S PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD-- A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE TRIGGER BAT, YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE HIM OUT, TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE WINNER! THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING GAME I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING" THE BAT AT THE RIGHT SPLIT SECOND AND KEEP TRACK OF STRIKES, BALLS, HITS, OUTS, RUNS, INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL-- I'M ALL SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET AS EXCITING AS CAN BE!



### SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE  
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE  
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street  
HOLYOKE, MASS.

act fast

### MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.  
94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

Name

Street

City and Zone

State

#### VARSITY MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00

☐ Electric Football \$3.00

#### NEW SUPER MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$10

☐ Electric Football \$10

#### CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order — no collections

☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid



# KID ETERNITY

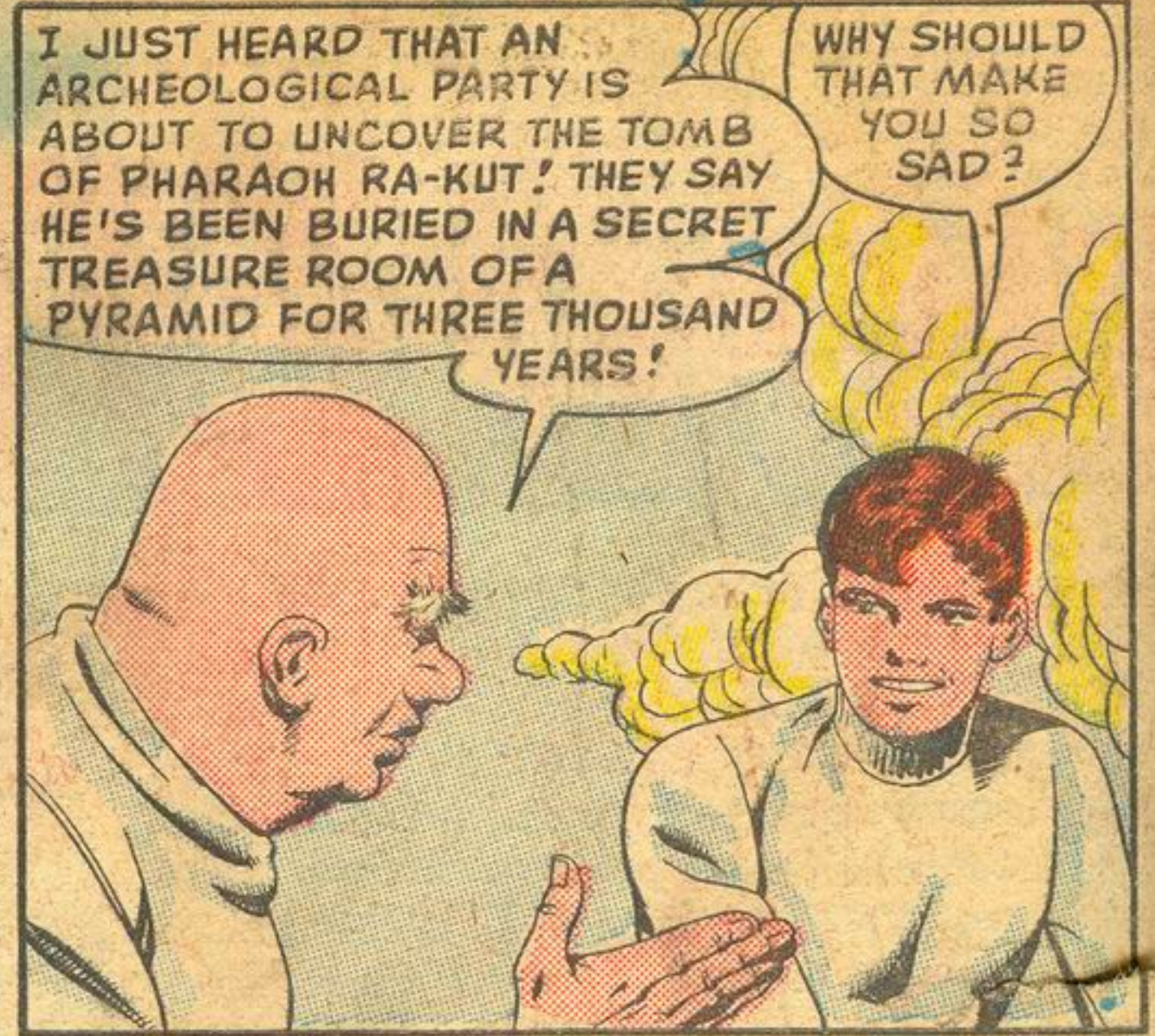
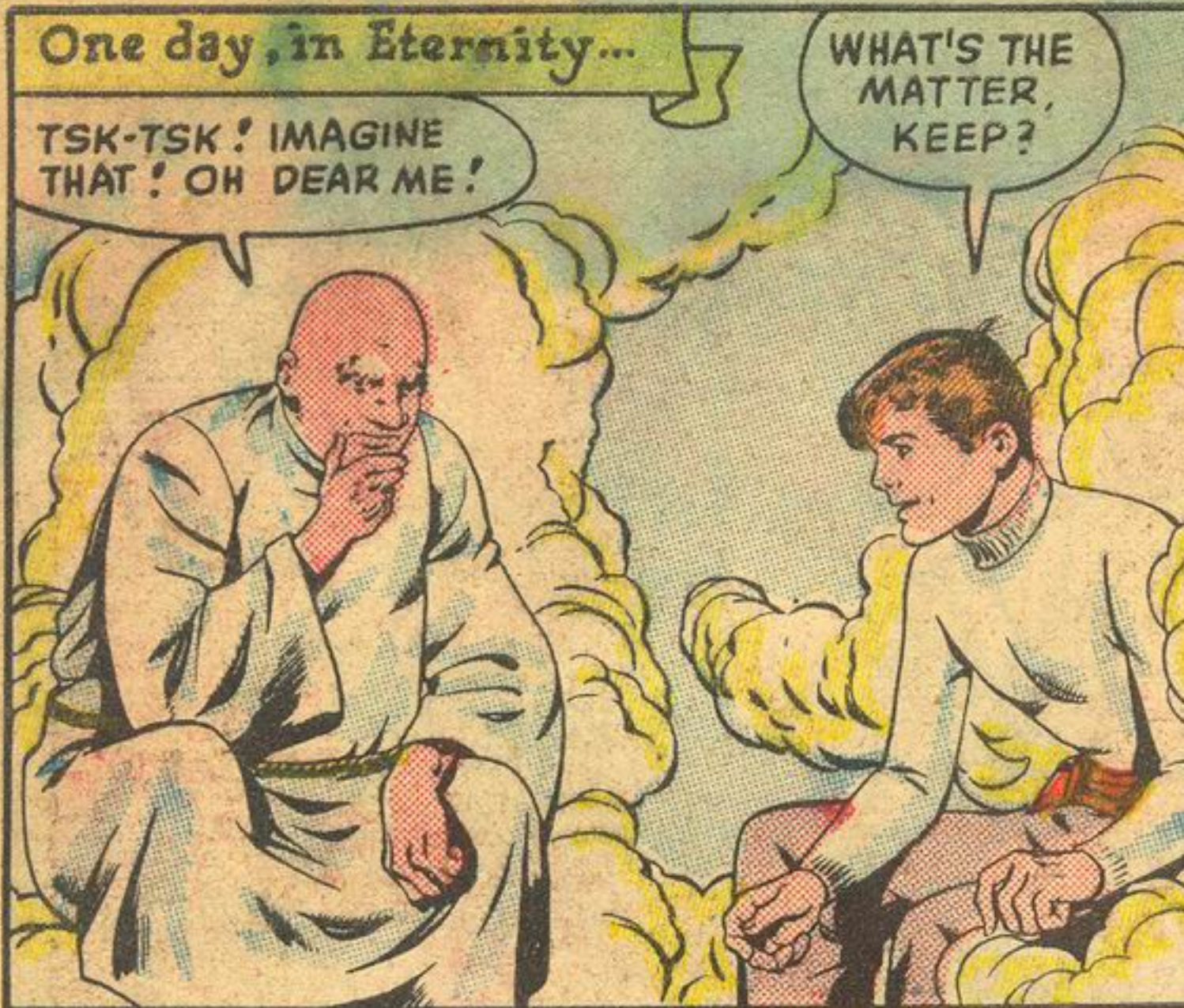
From ancient Egypt arises a menace unlike any that **KID ETERNITY** and **MR. KEEPER** have ever faced! Who is the strange creature whom his terrified victims know only as **THE MUMMY**? What is the strange secret that has brought him across the gulf of three thousand years to strike and kill again?

Taken from this world before his time, Kid Eternity, by way of celestial recompense, was given the power to return to Earth and, under the guardianship of Mr. Keeper, to reassume visible form! This the Kid accomplishes by uttering the magic word **ETERNITY**... a summons which can also bring to his aid heroes of the historic past!

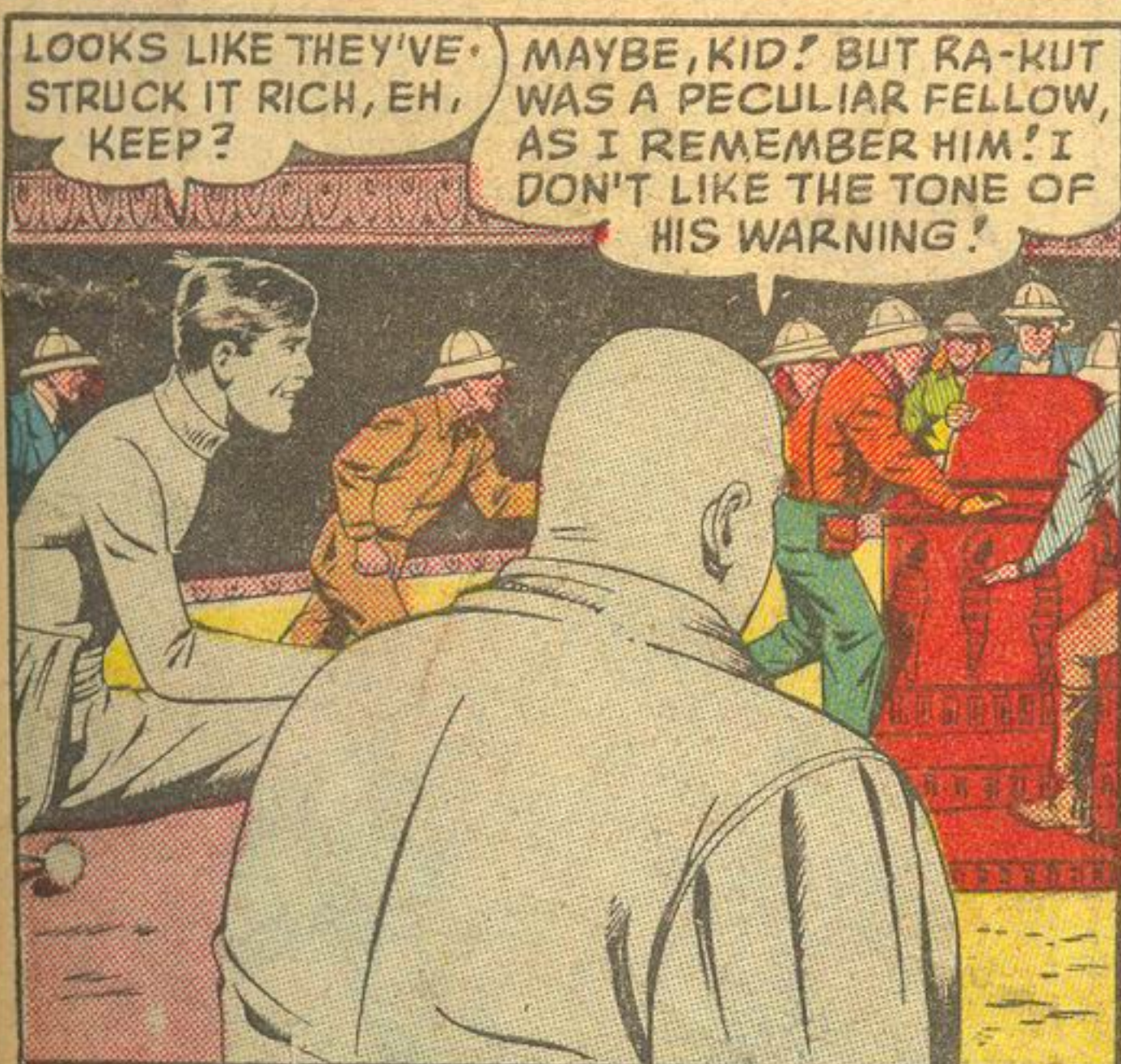
IT'S EMPTY!  
THE MUMMY  
IS GONE!





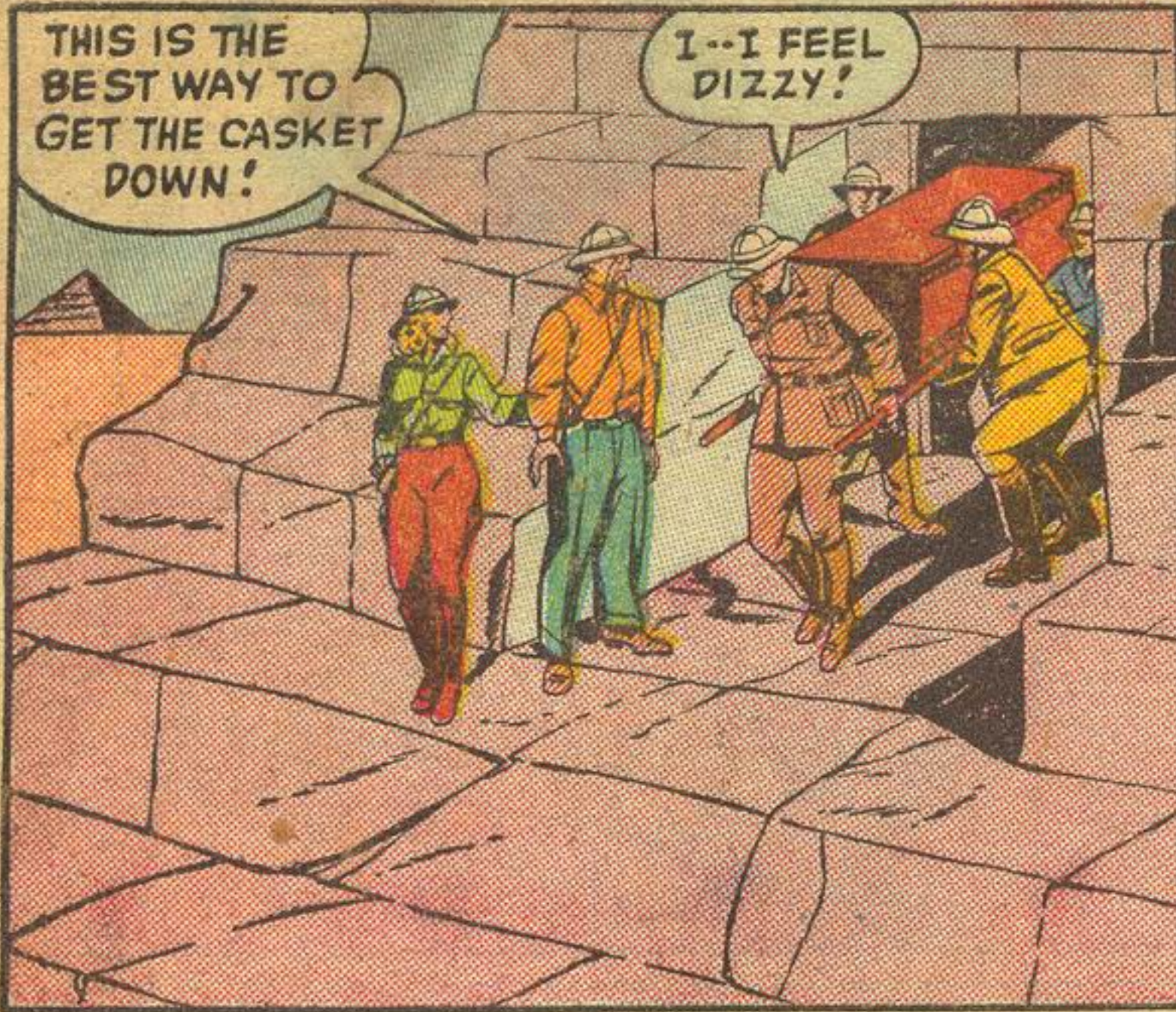






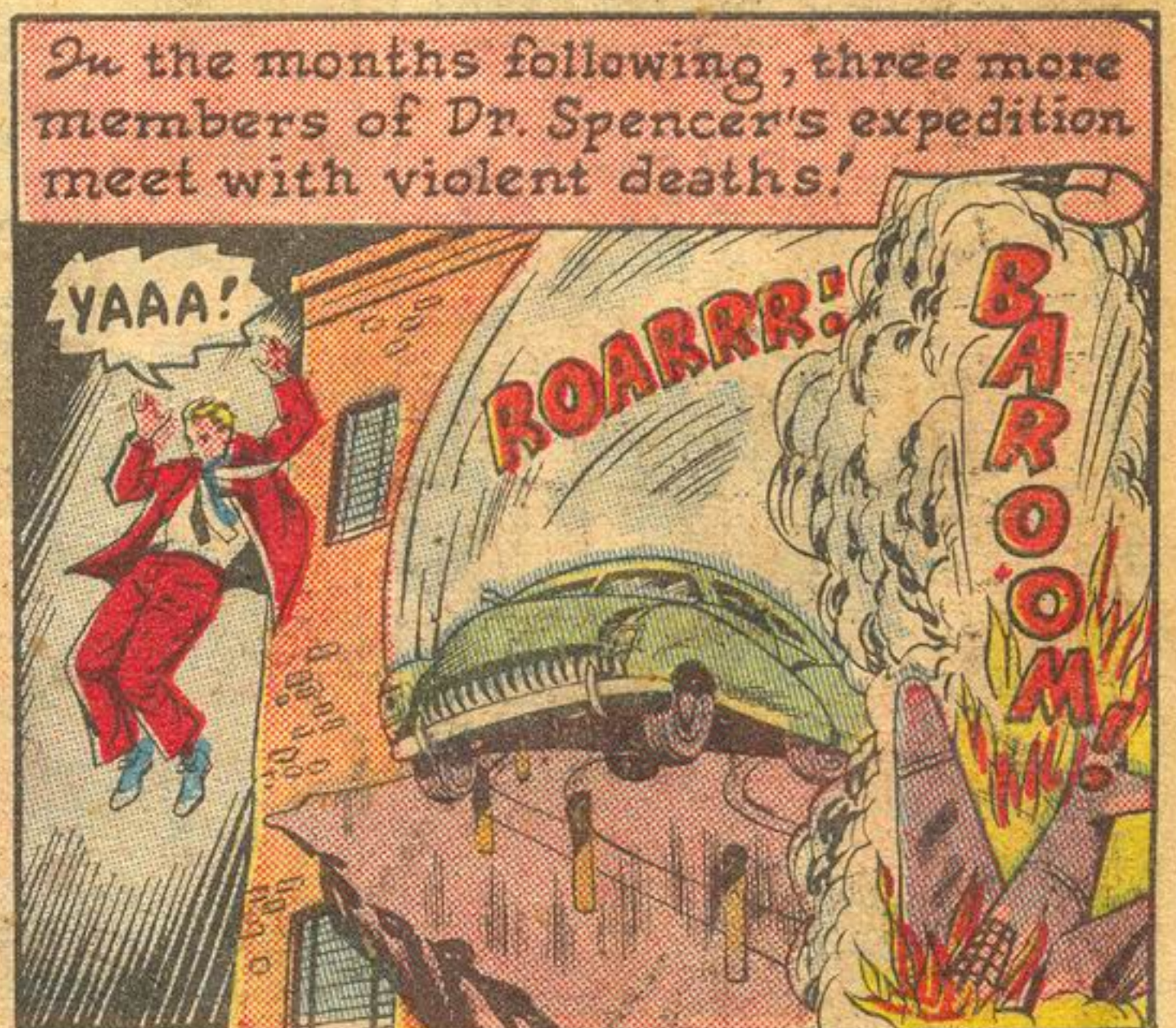
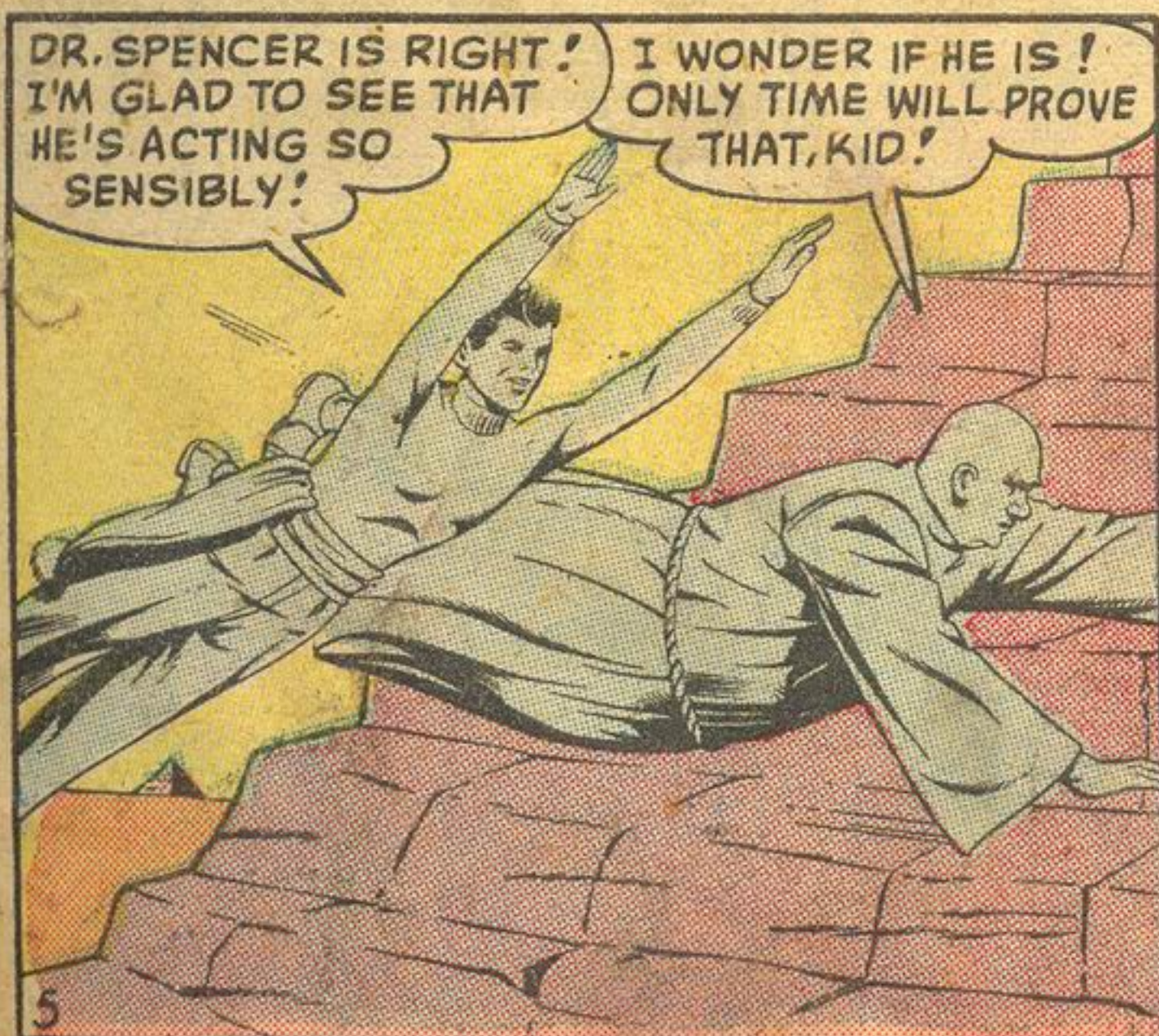
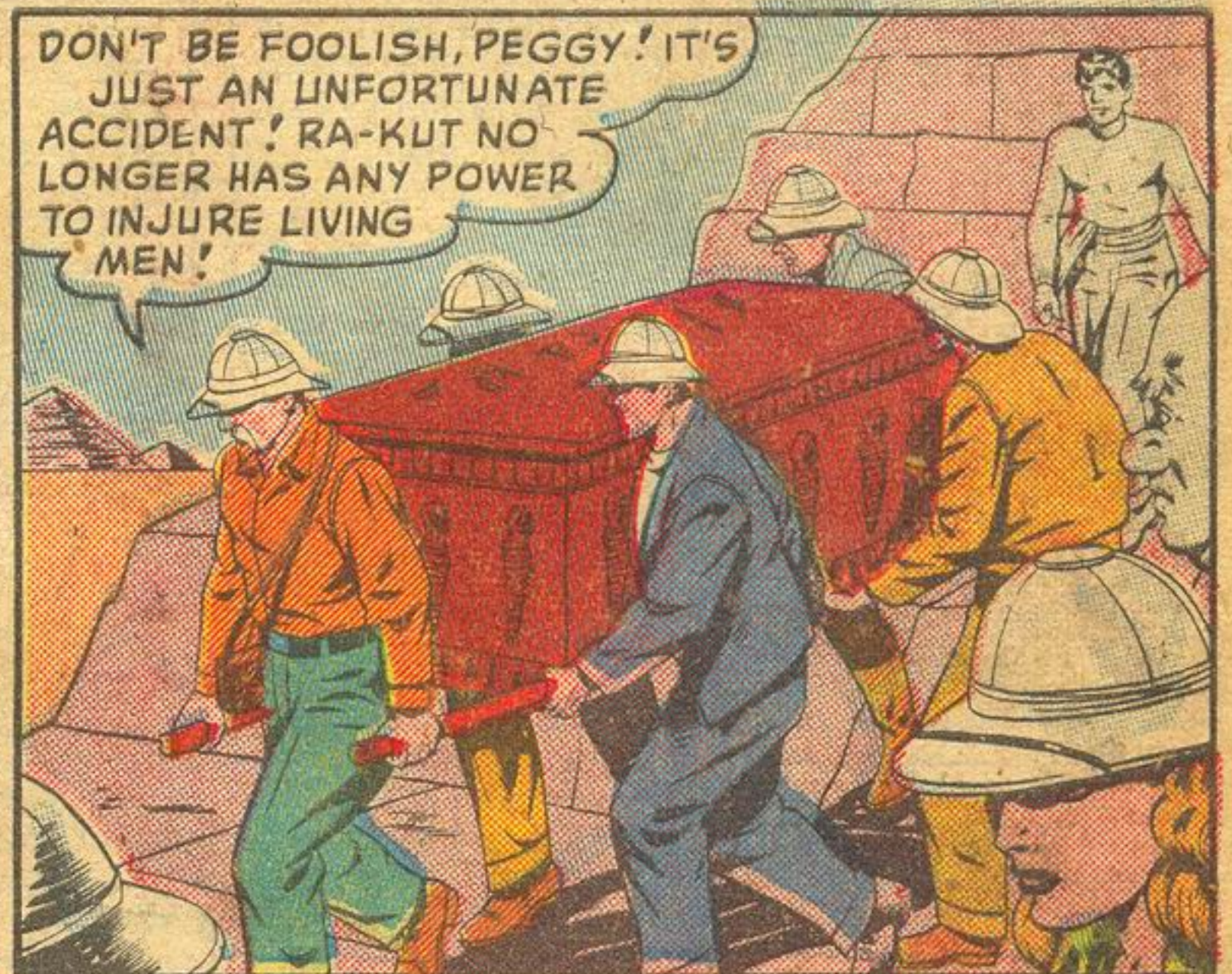
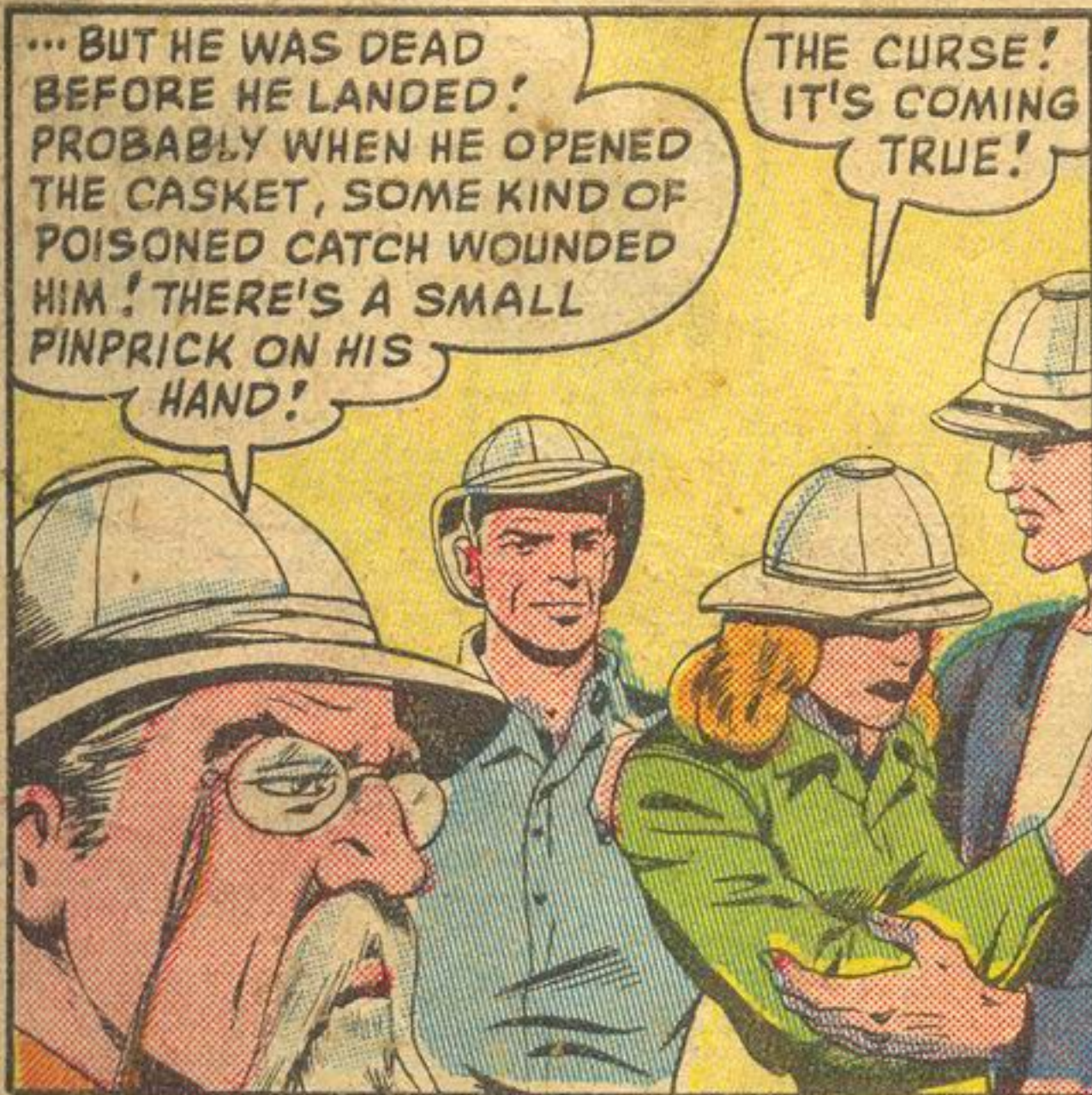


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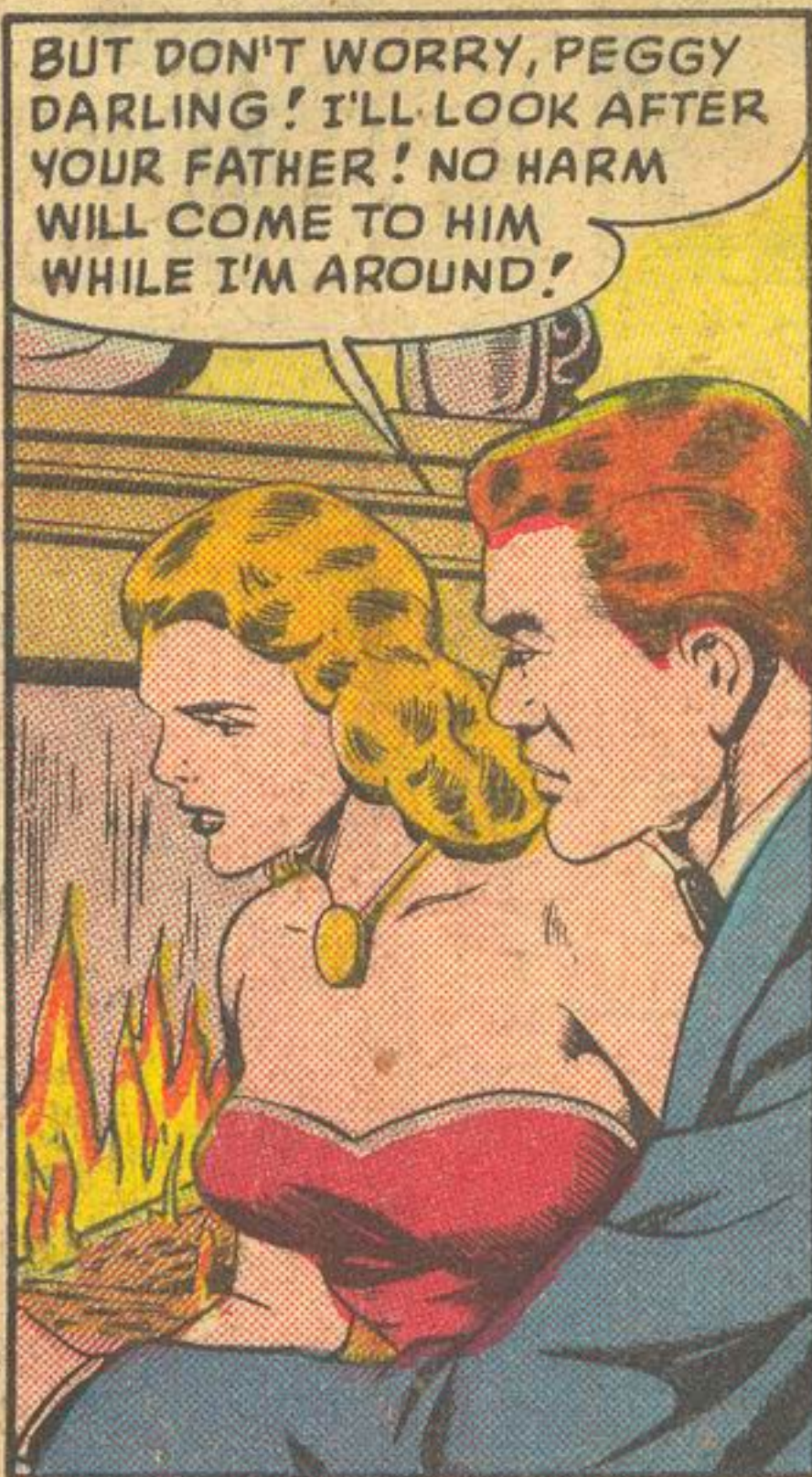
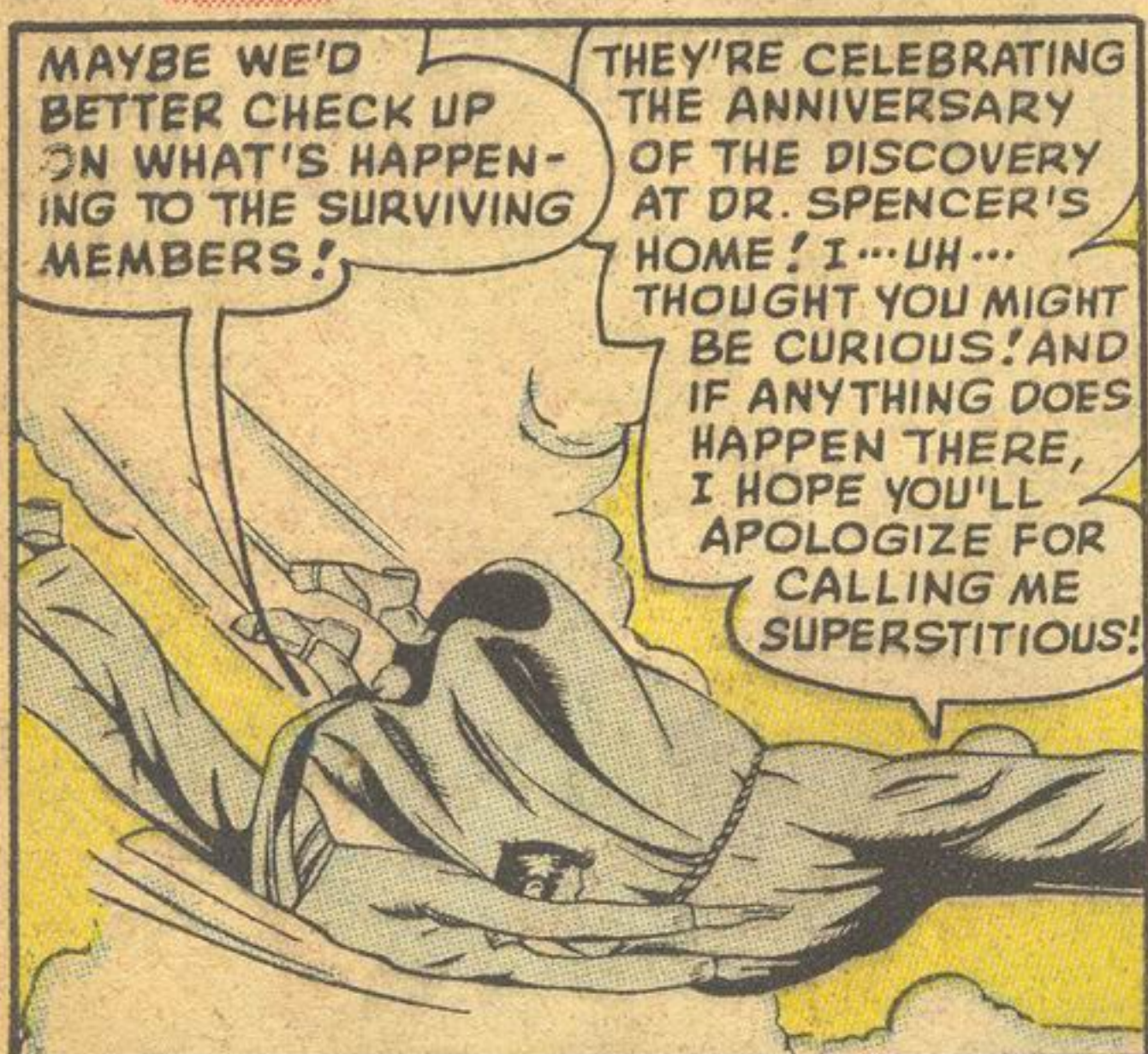
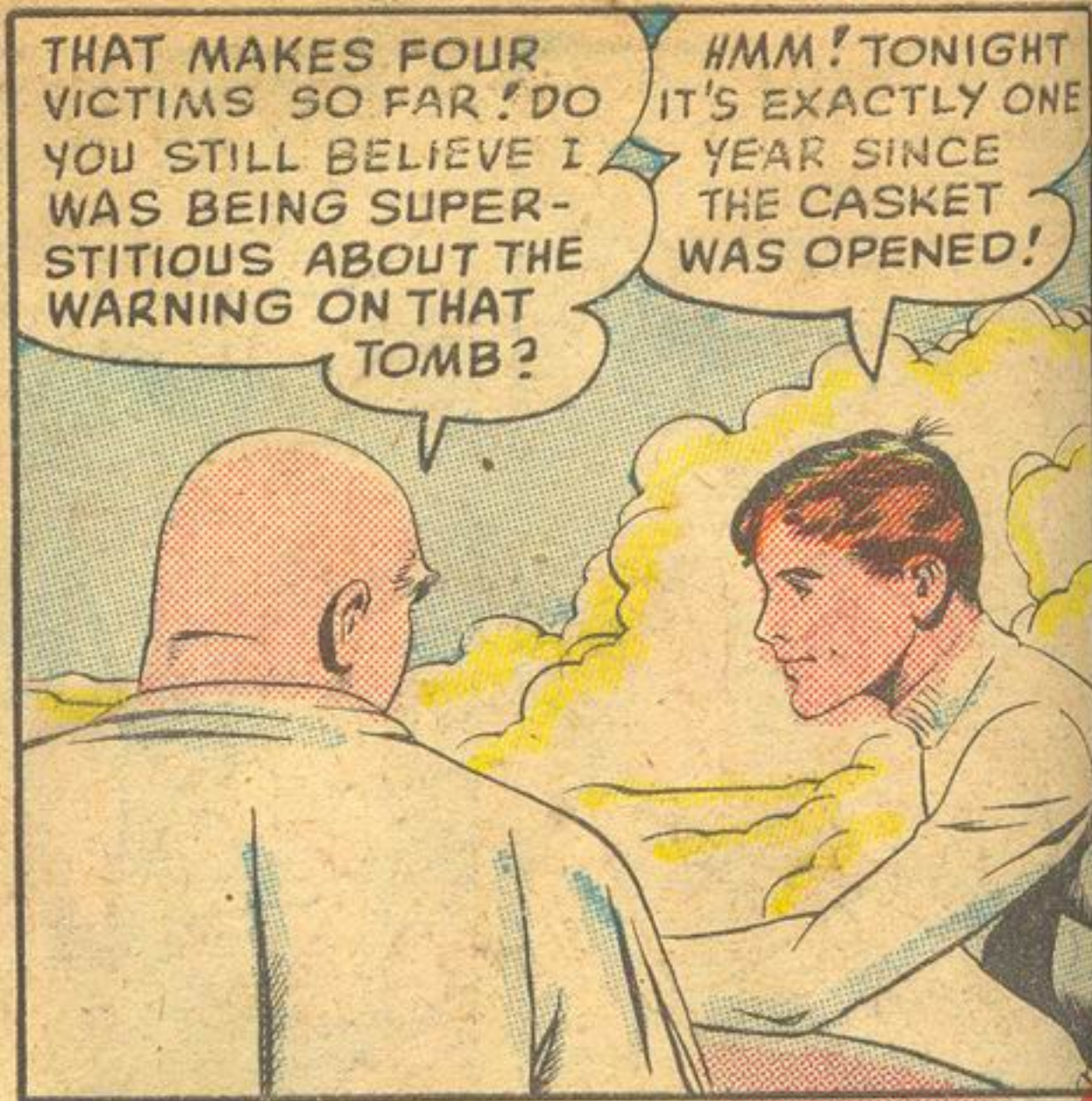
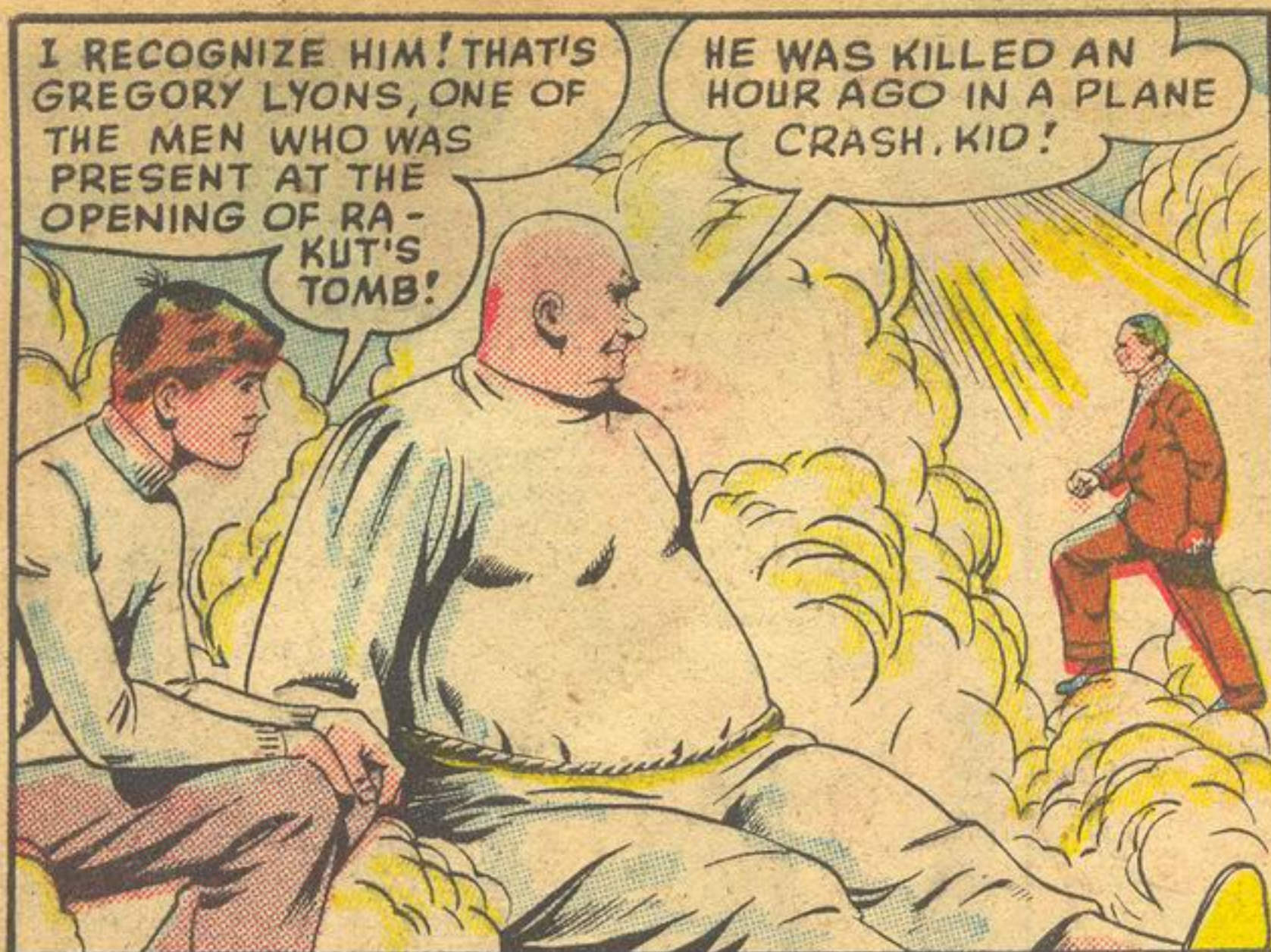




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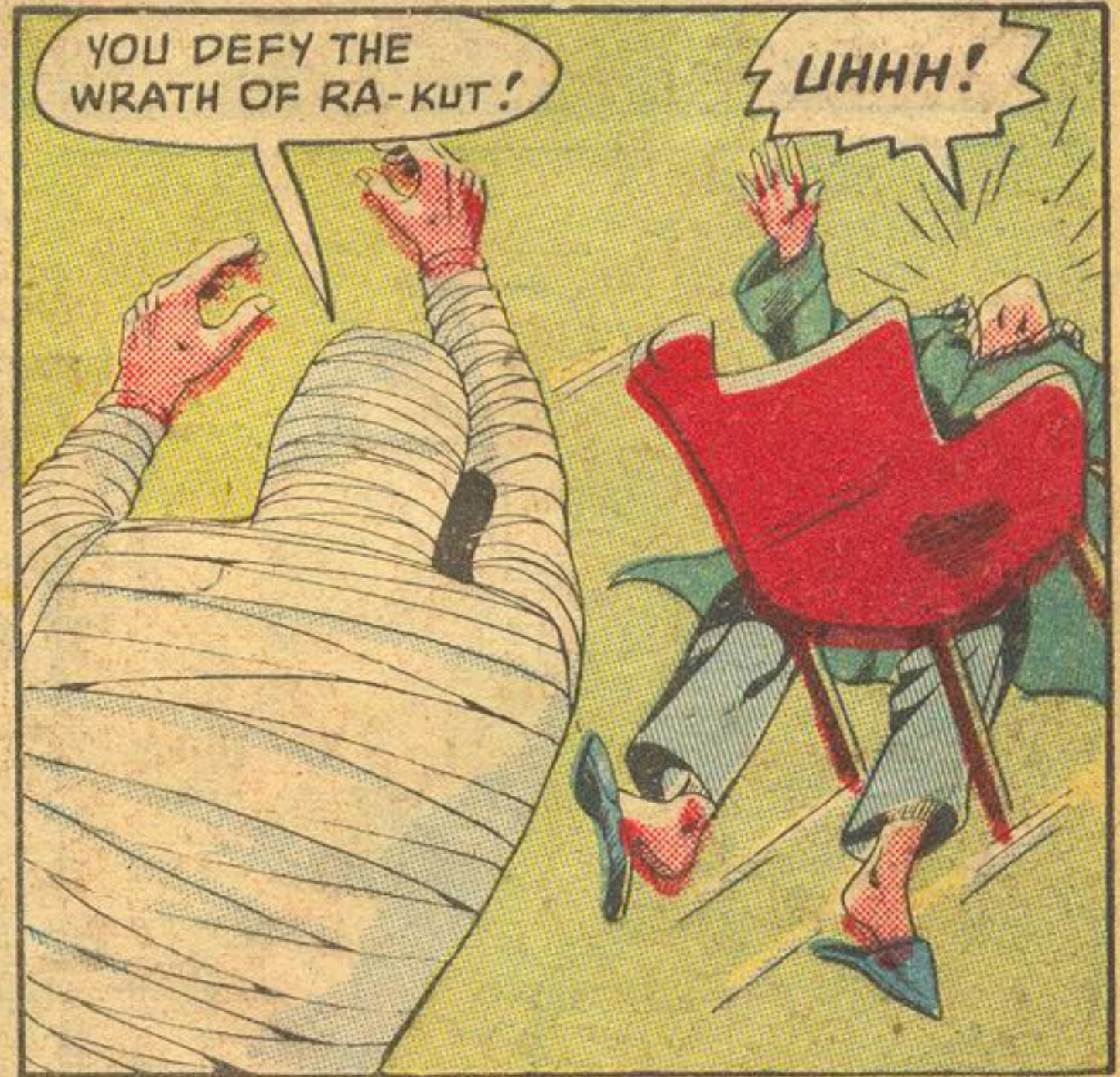
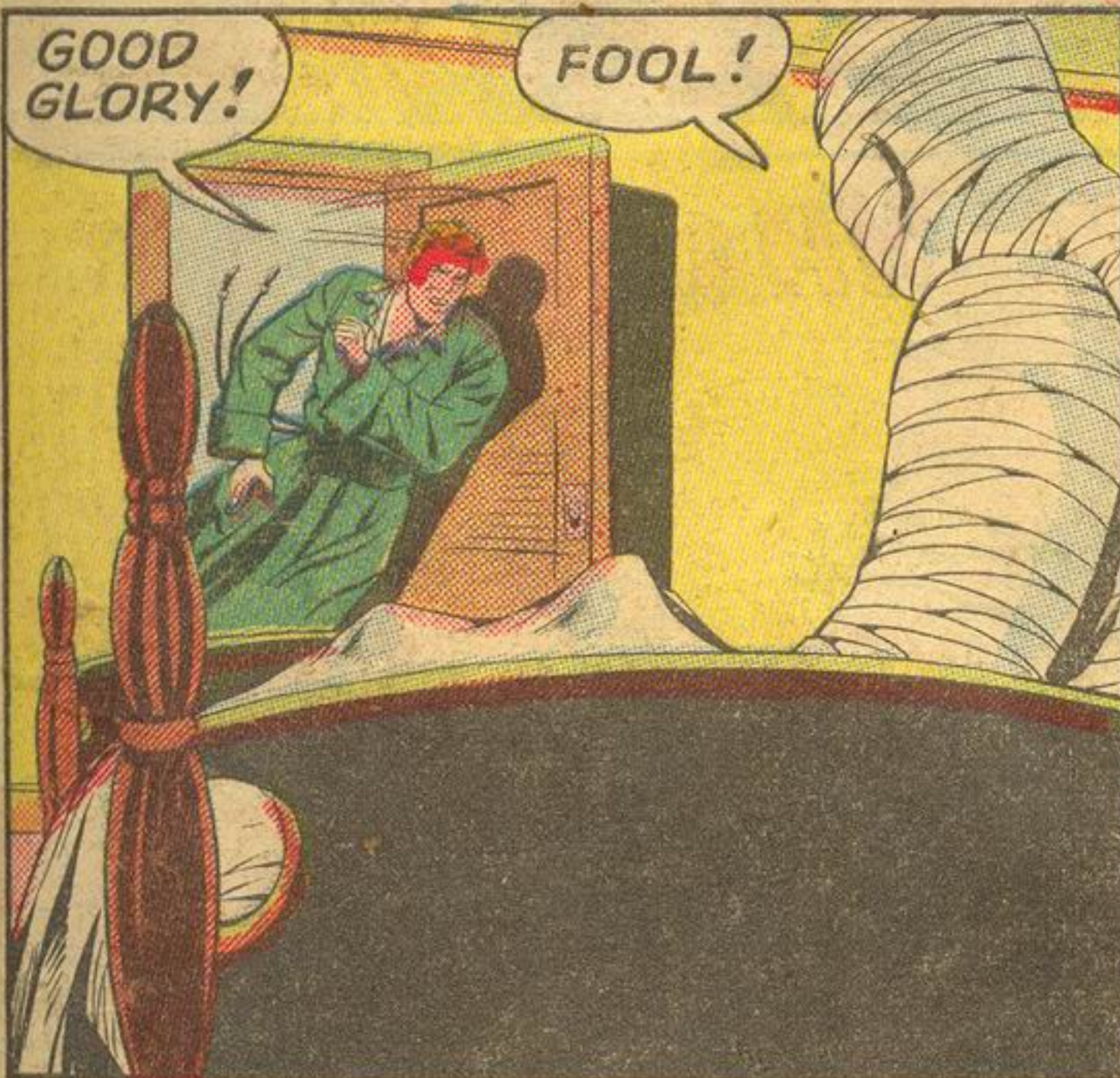




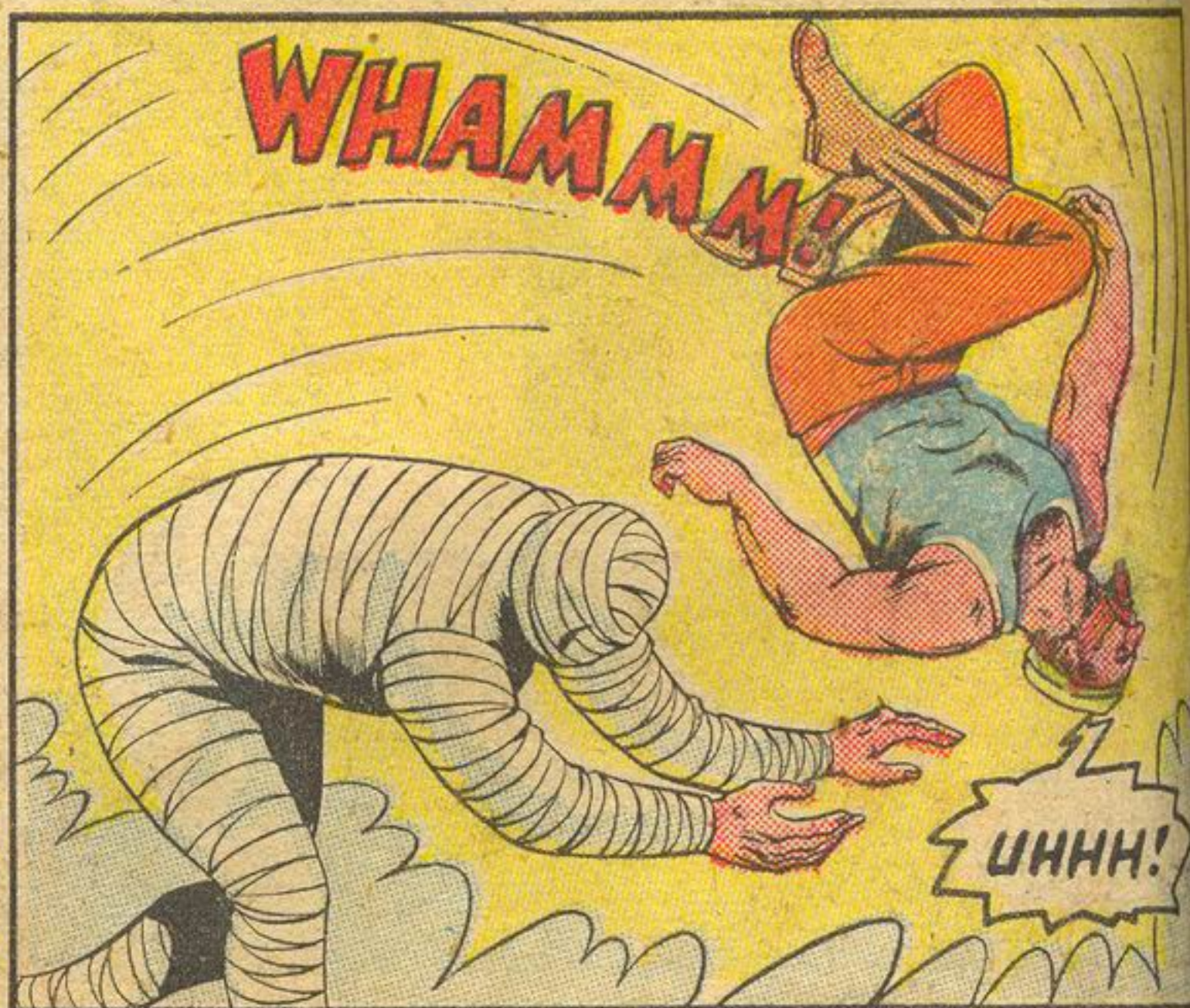
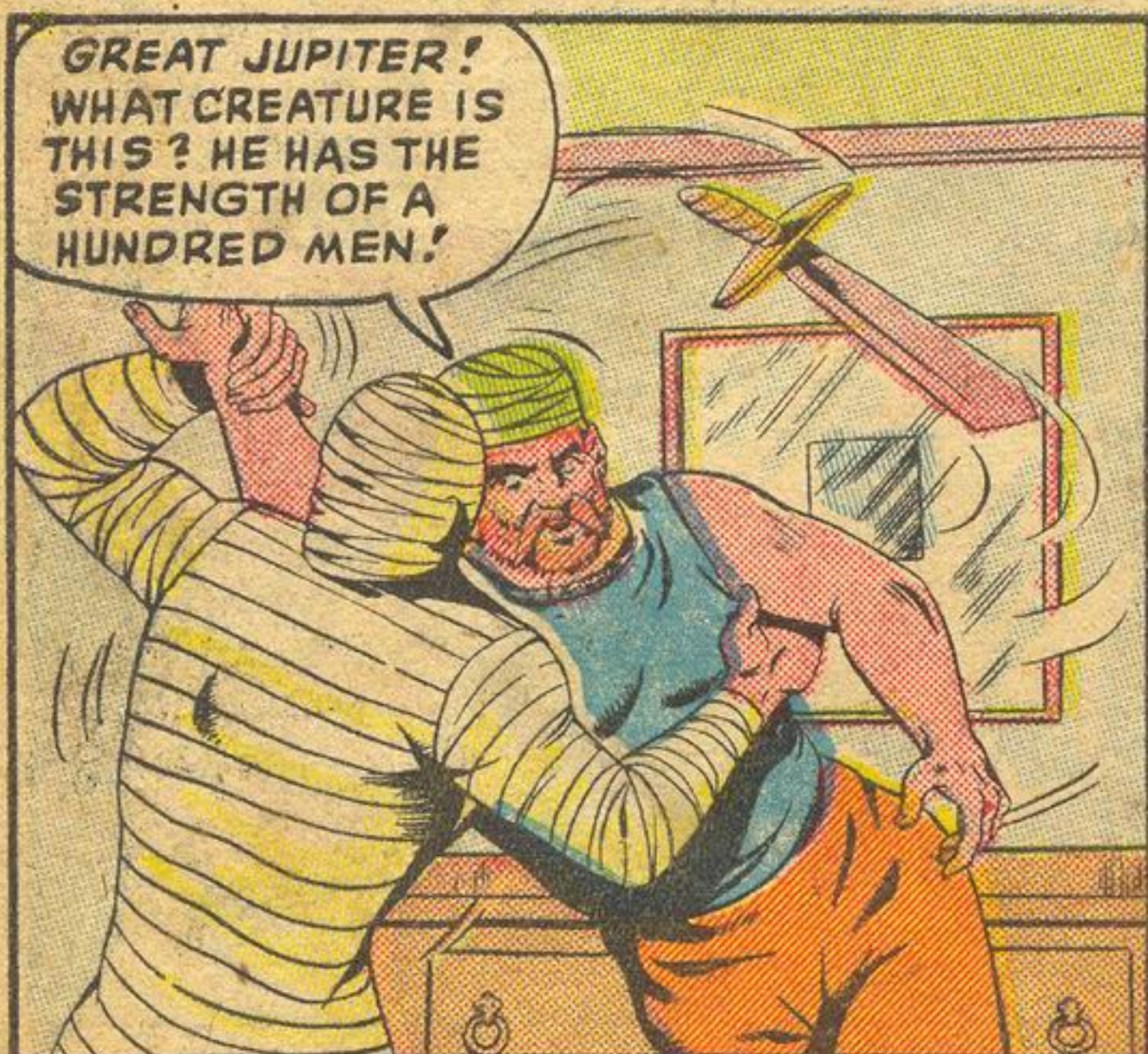




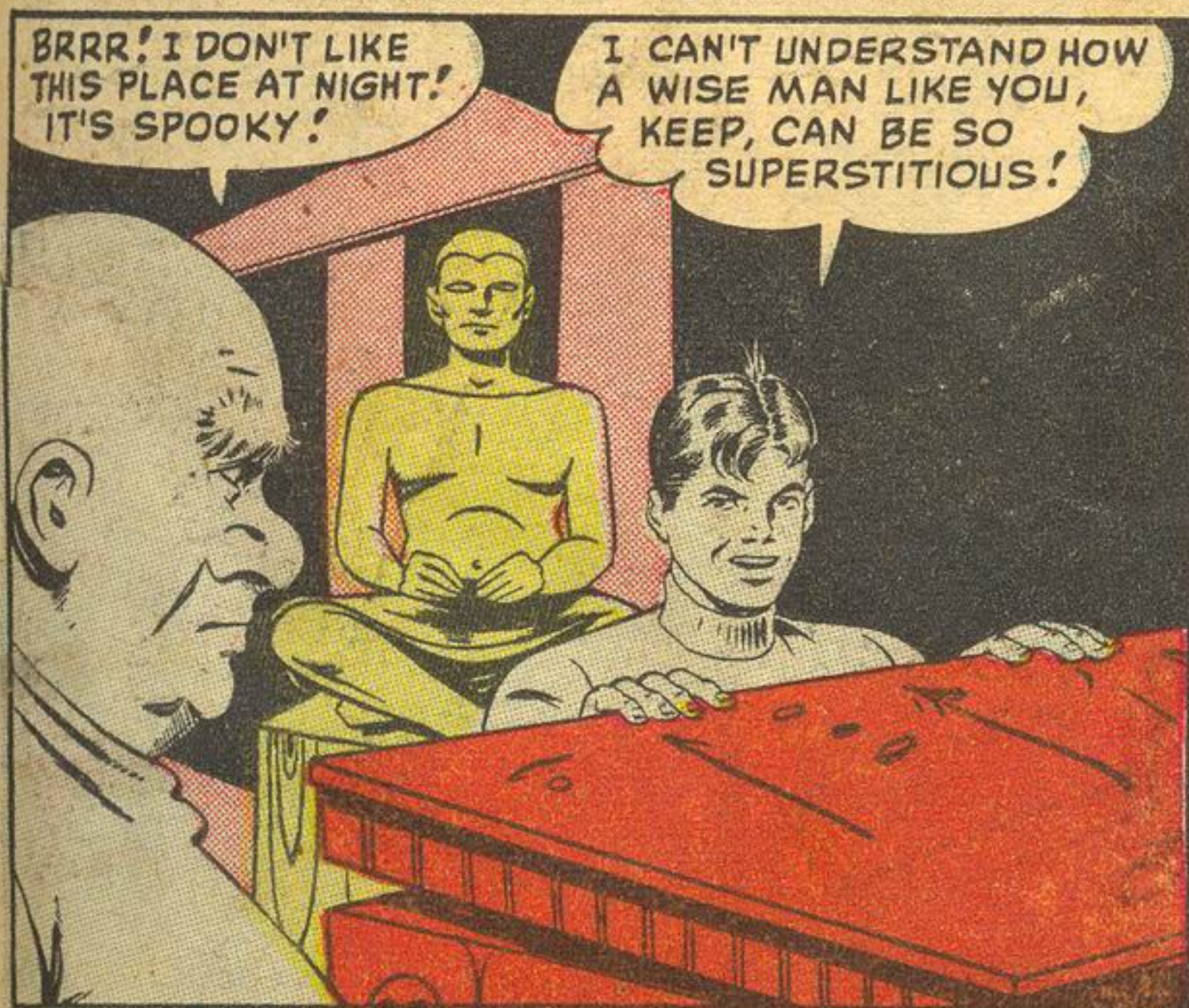
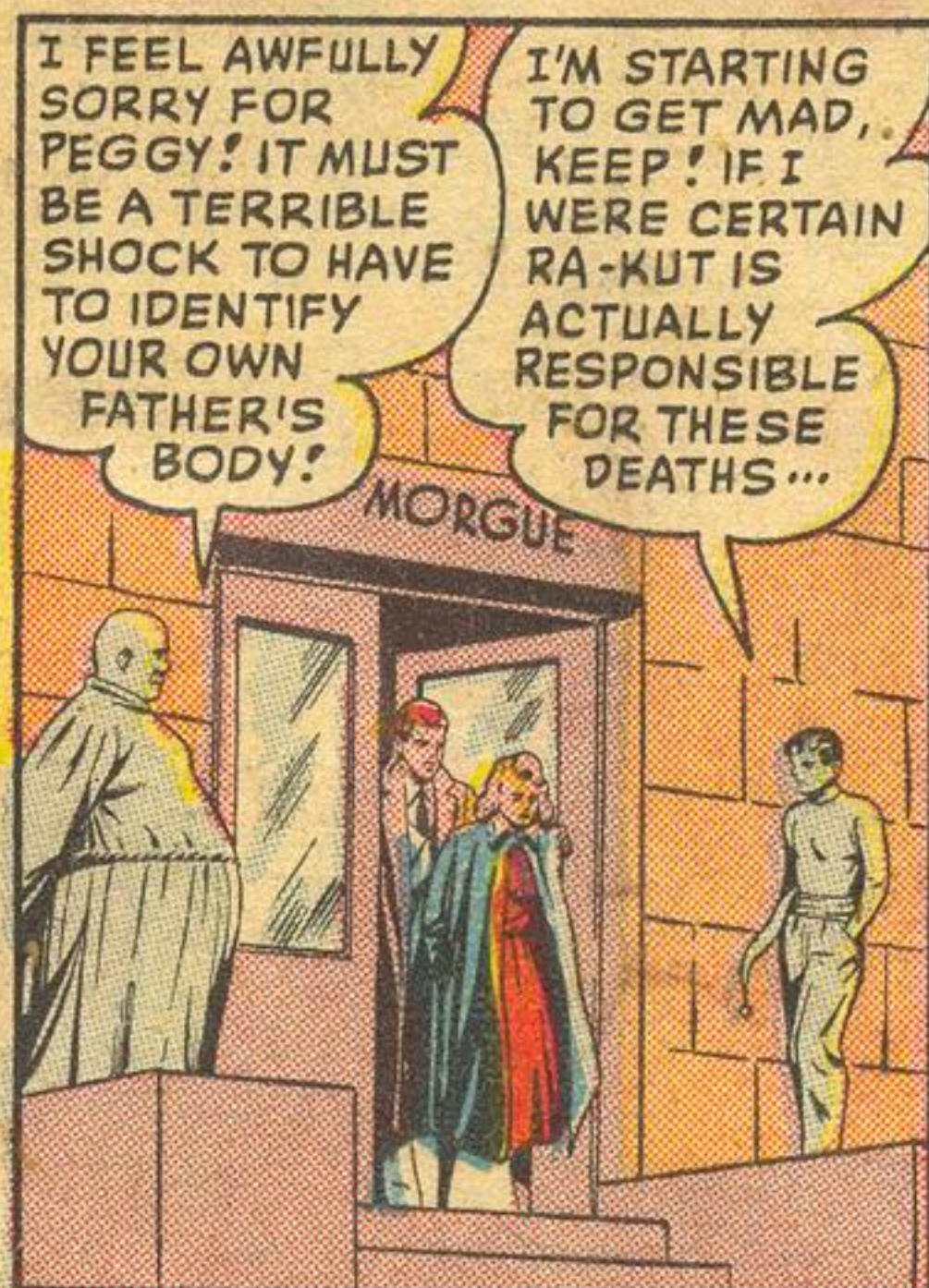
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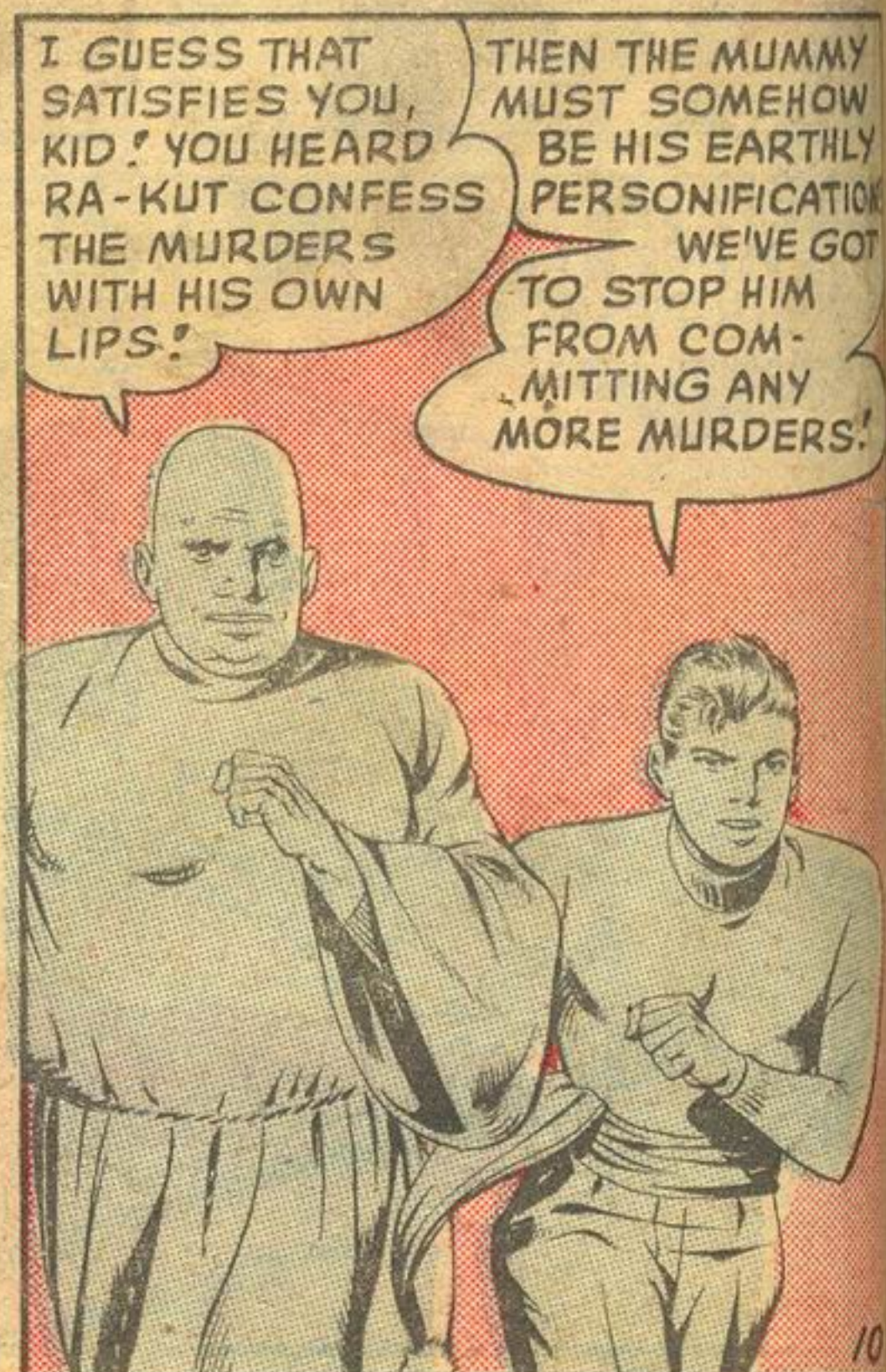
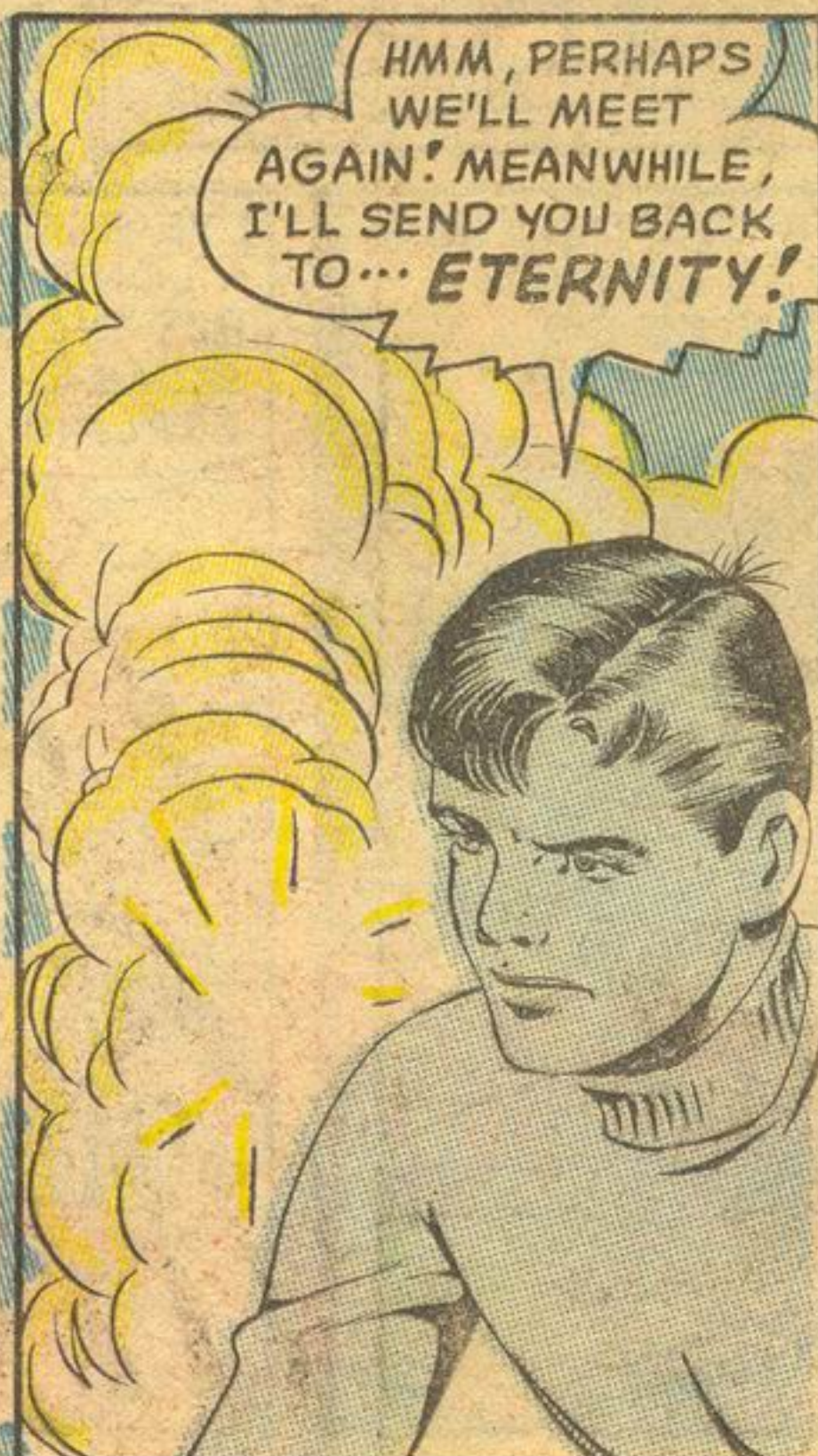








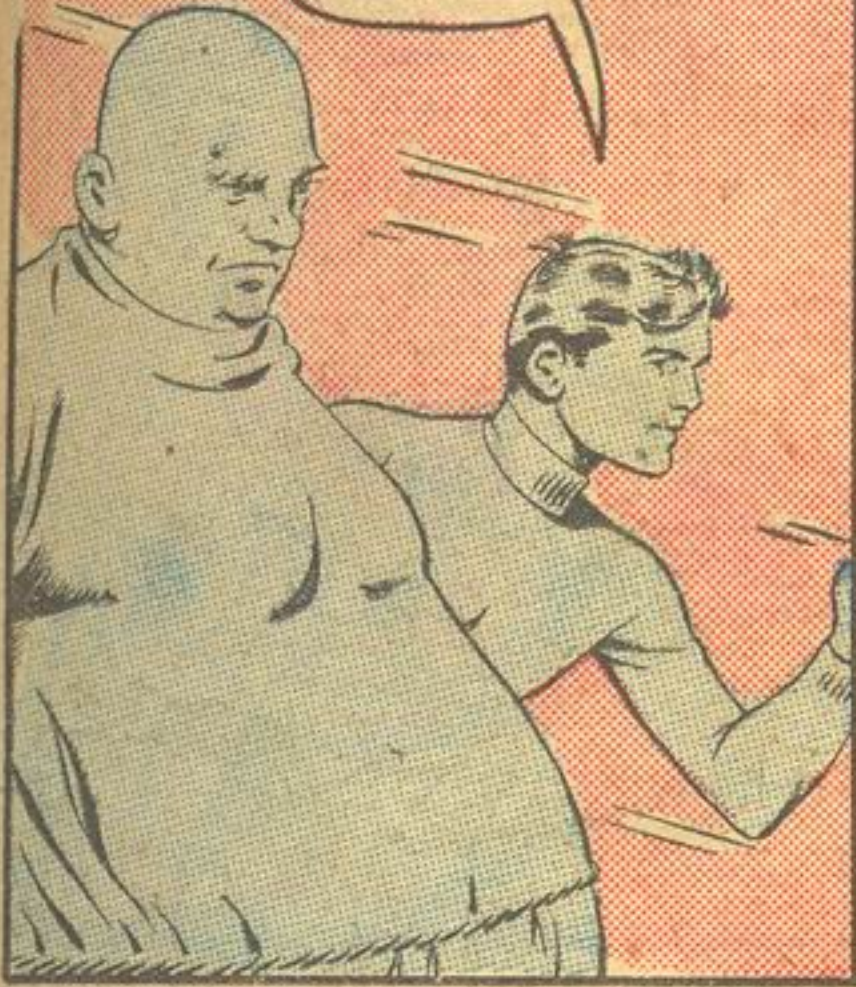






# HIT COMICS

DR. SPENCER'S DAUGHTER, PEGGY, AND HER FIANCE ARE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE EXPEDITION! THEY'RE GOING TO NEED PROTECTION!



Meanwhile, in John Randolph's apartment...

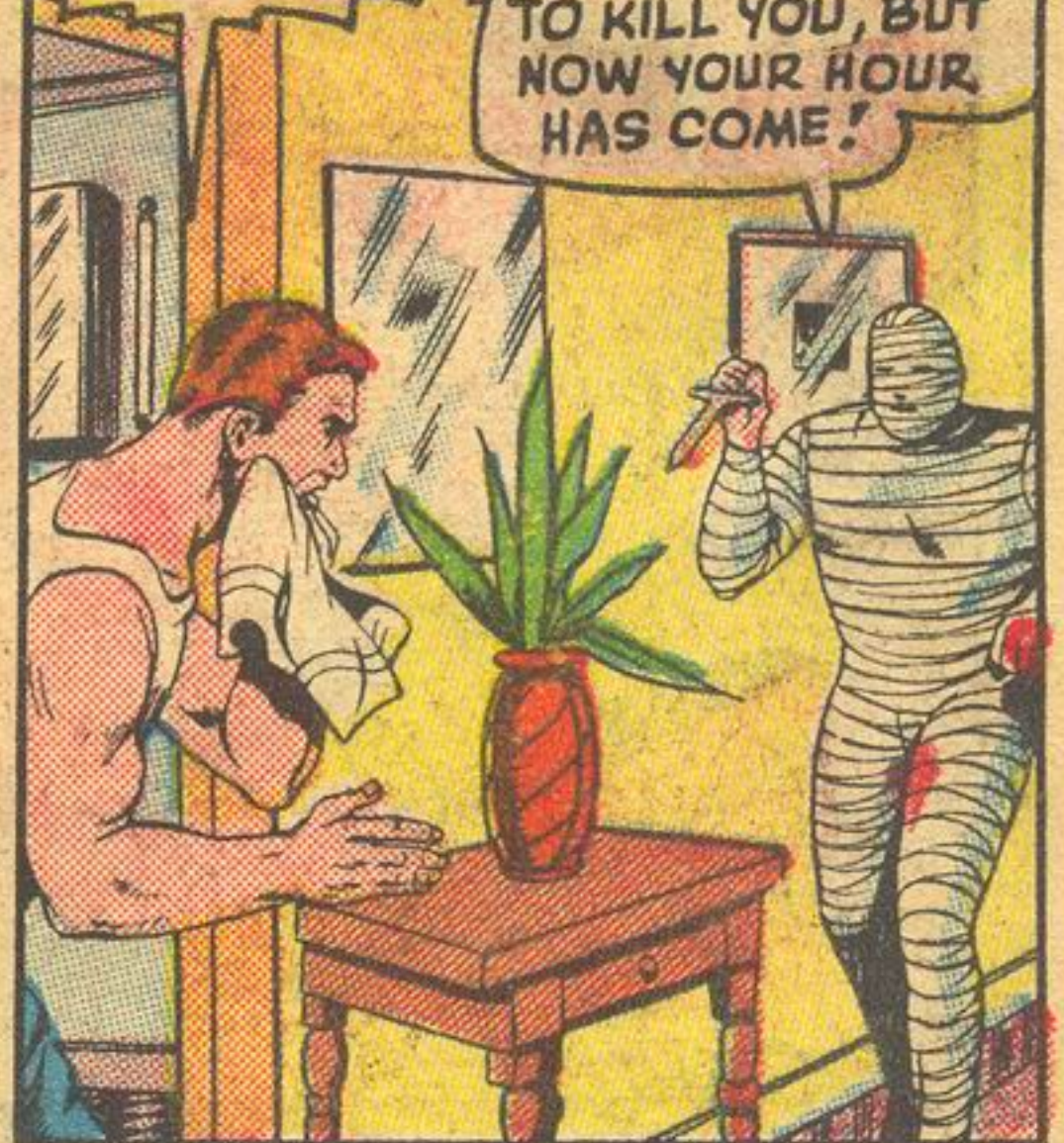
WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH!



THE MUMMY!

I WAS INTERRUPTED THE FIRST TIME I SOUGHT TO KILL YOU, BUT NOW YOUR HOUR HAS COME!



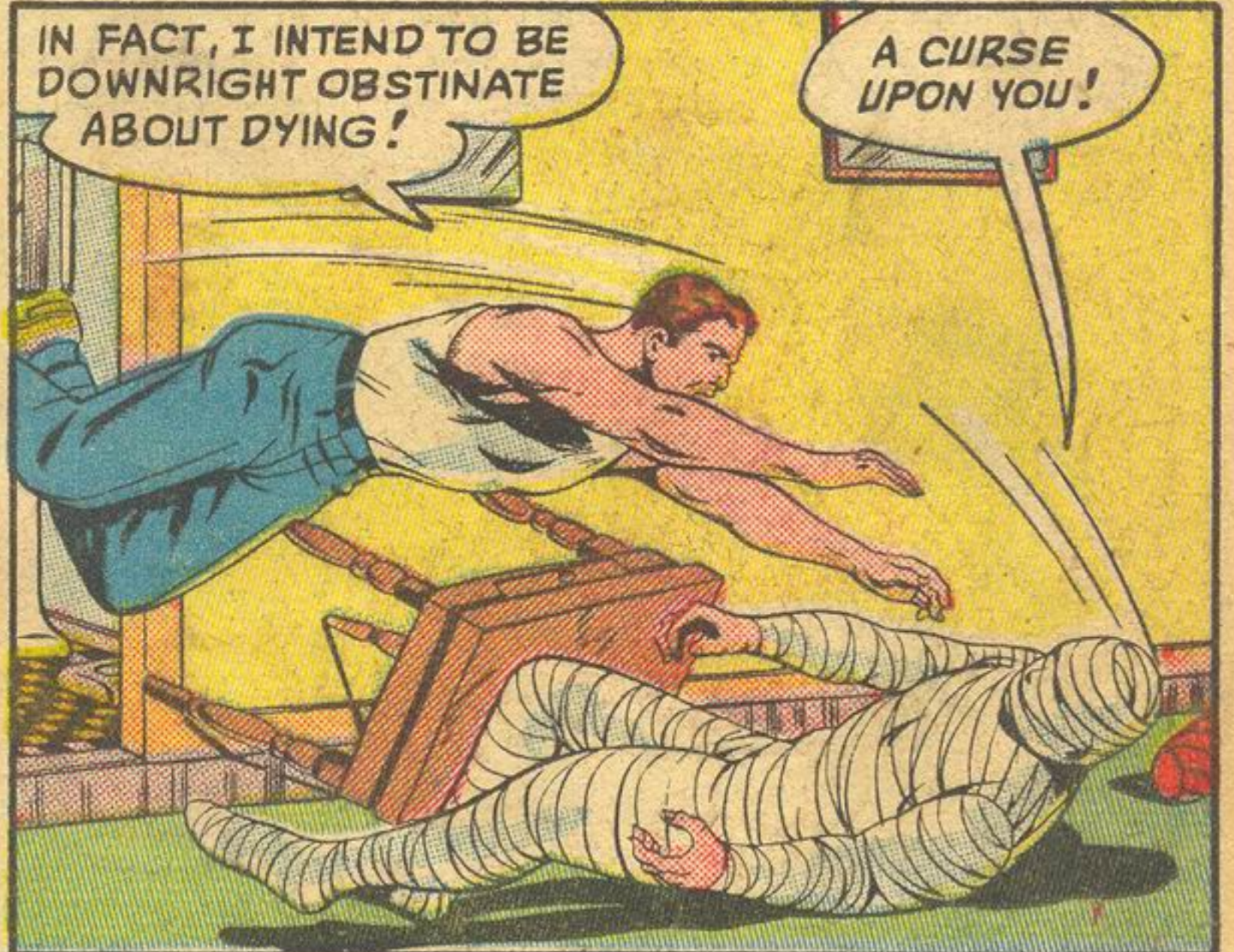
NONE ESCAPES THE VENGEANCE OF RA-KUT!... UHHH!

YOU WON'T FIND ME SO EASY TO KILL!



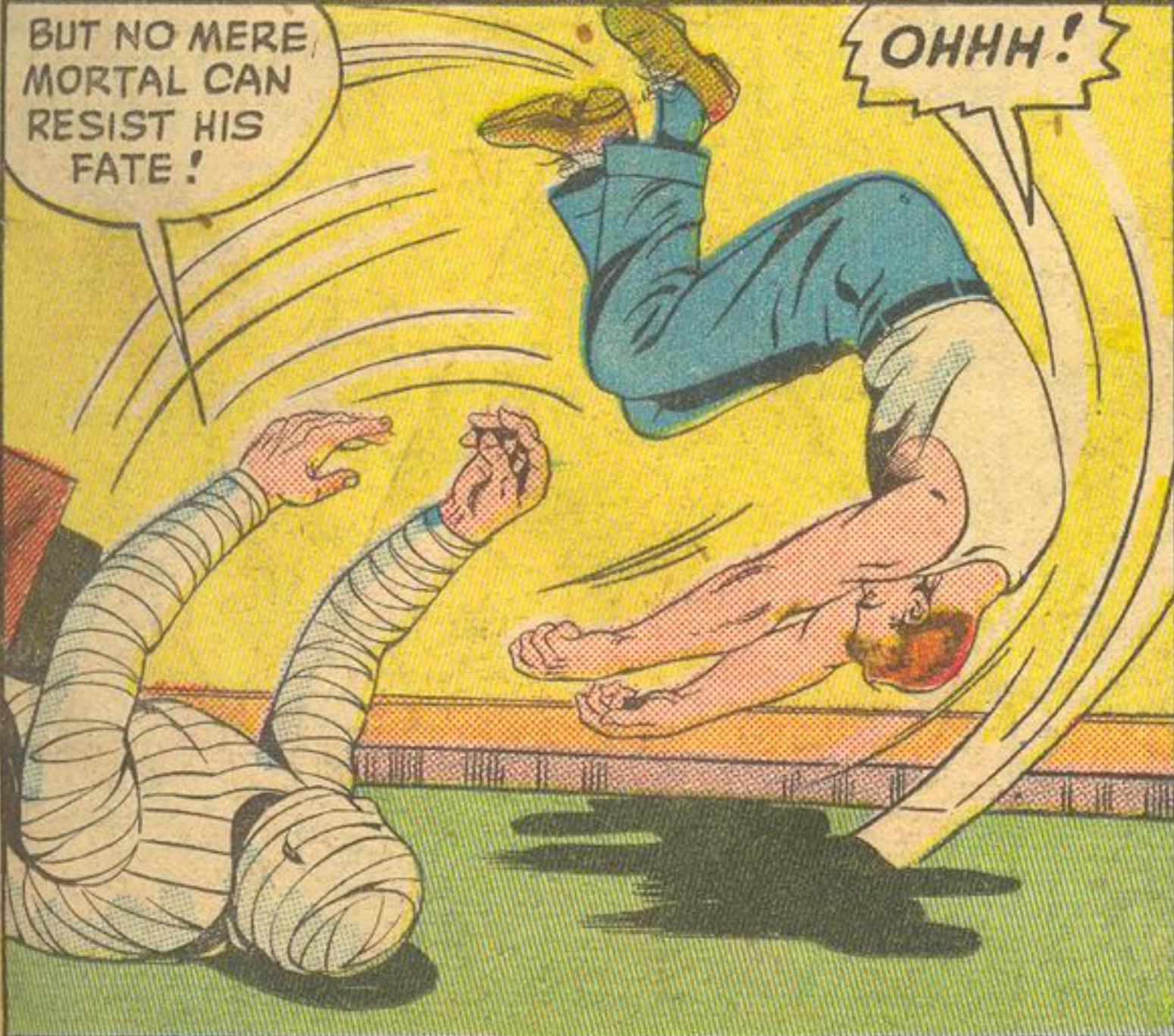
IN FACT, I INTEND TO BE DOWNRIGHT OBSTINATE ABOUT DYING!

A CURSE UPON YOU!



BUT NO MERE MORTAL CAN RESIST HIS FATE!

OHHH!

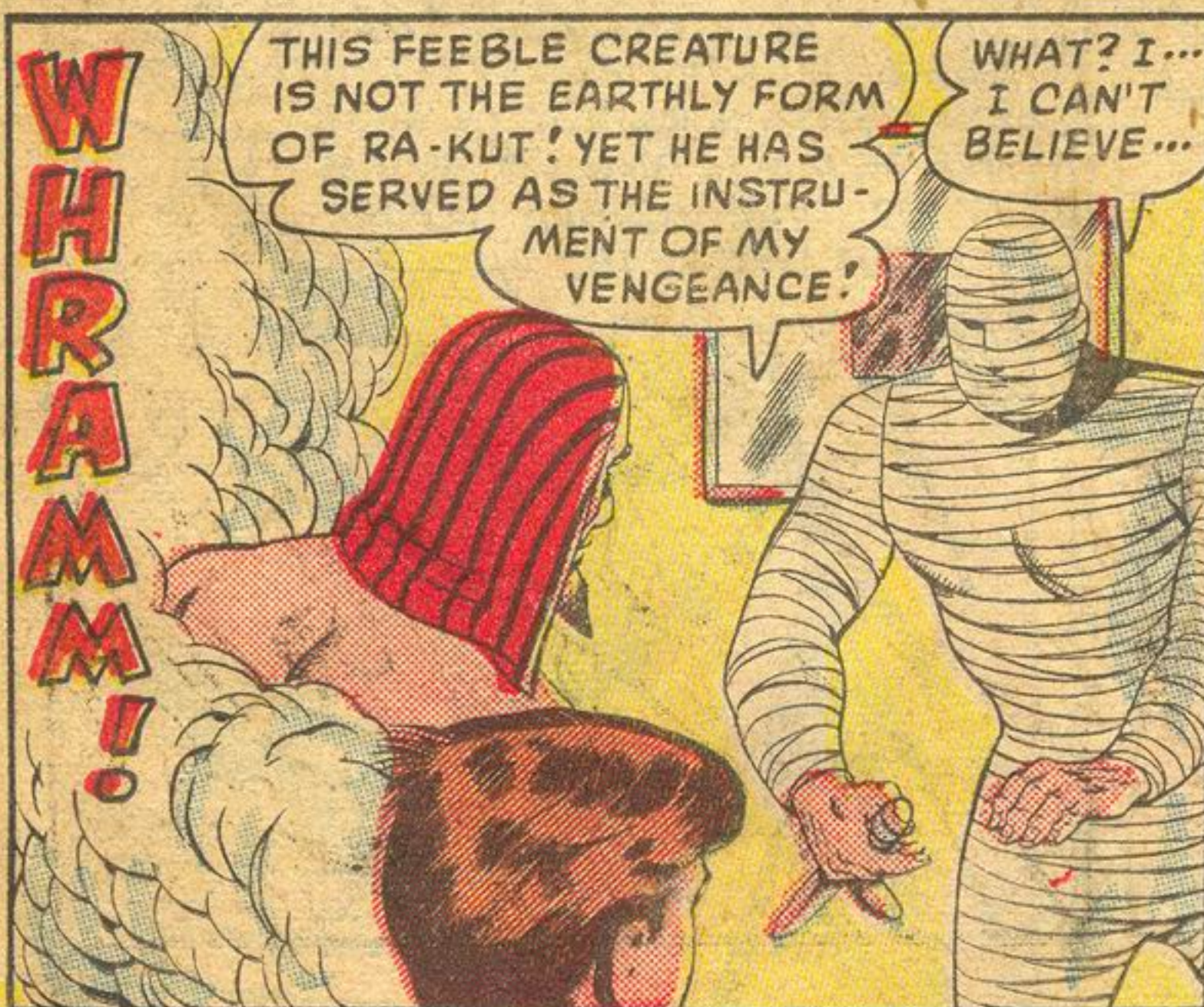
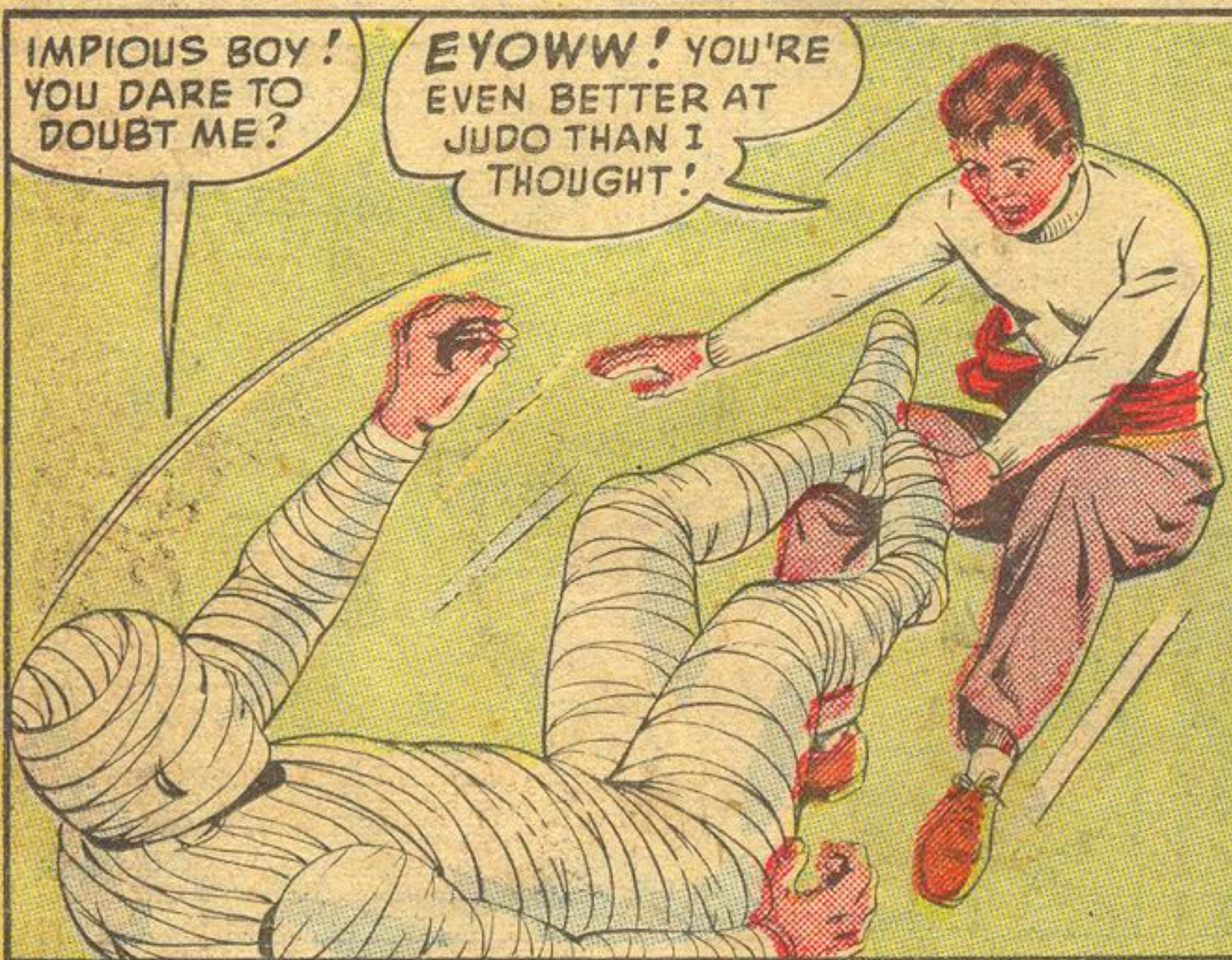
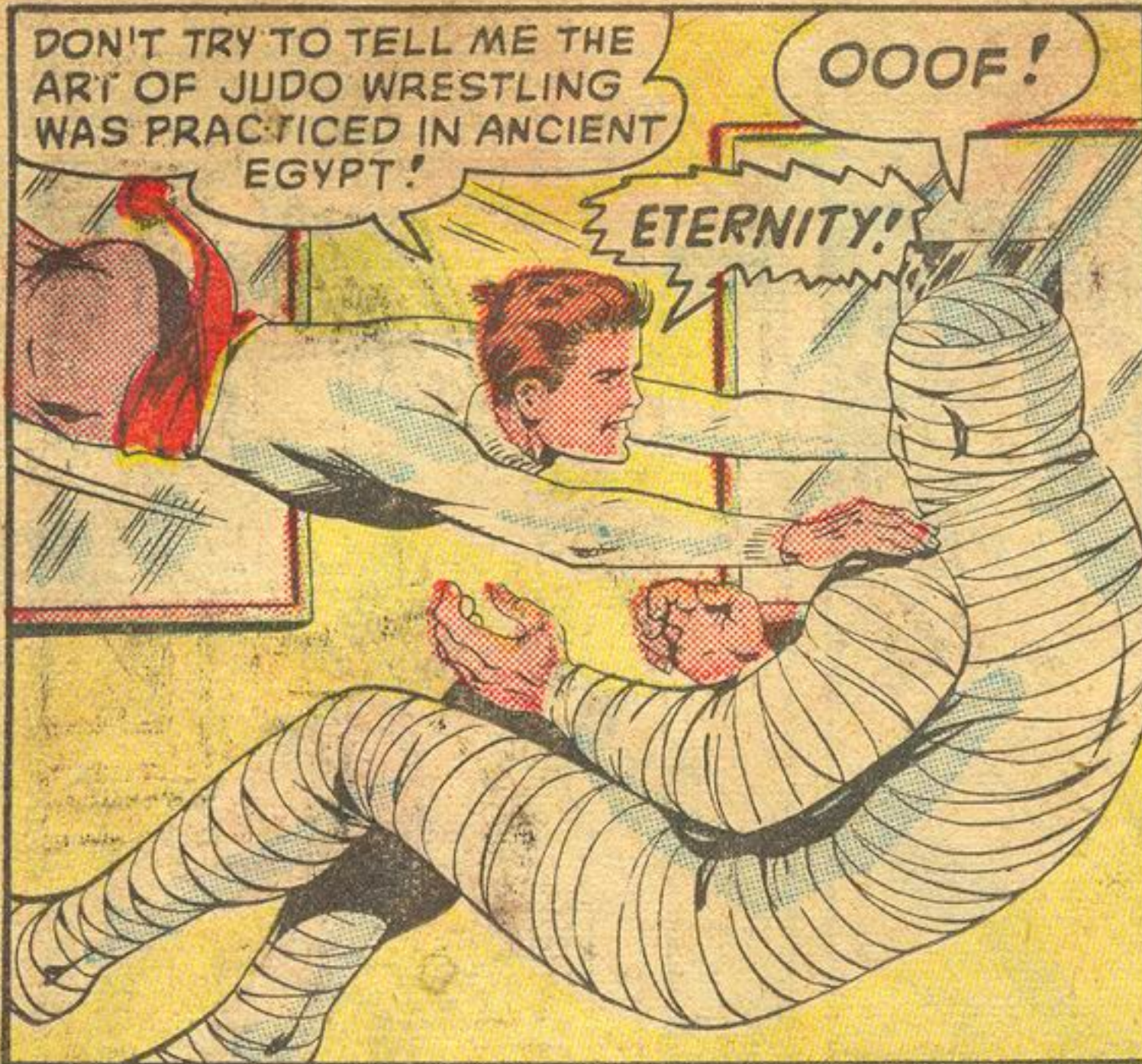


DID YOU SEE THAT, KEEP? HE USED THE SAME TRICK TO THROW AGRIPPA! NOW I'M CERTAIN RA-KUT IS NOT THE MUMMY, AND I'M GOING TO BECOME VISIBLE TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS!

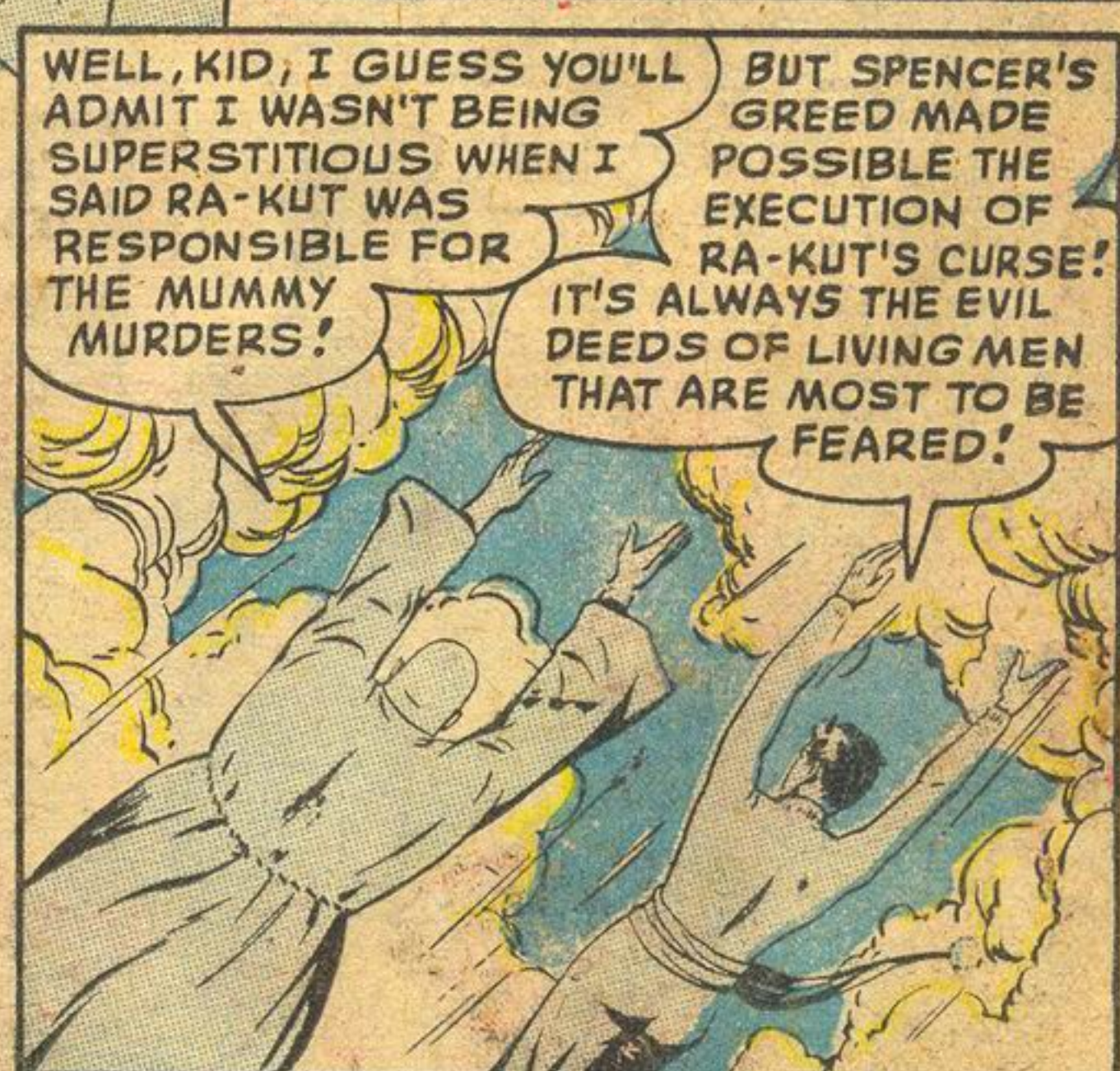
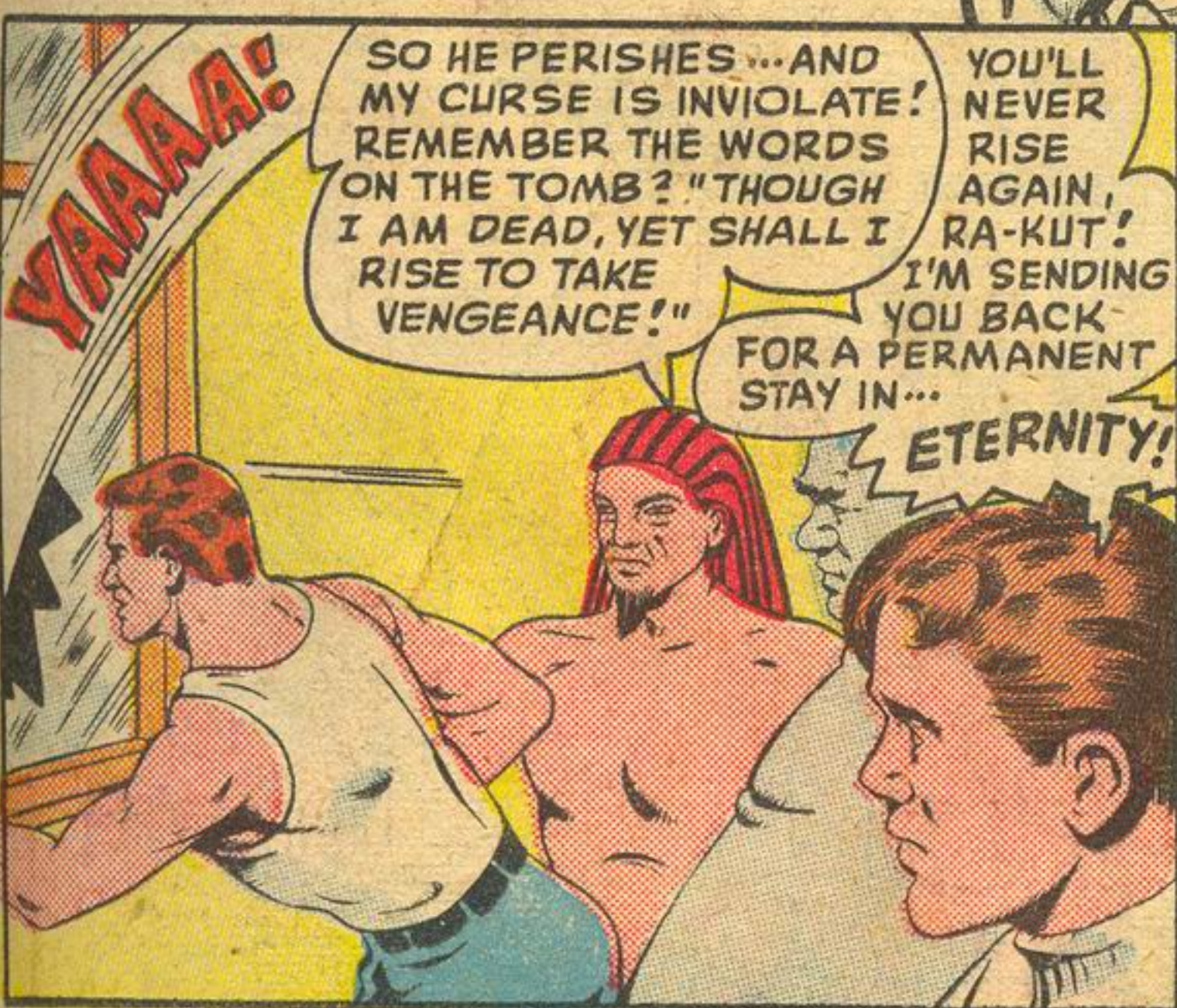
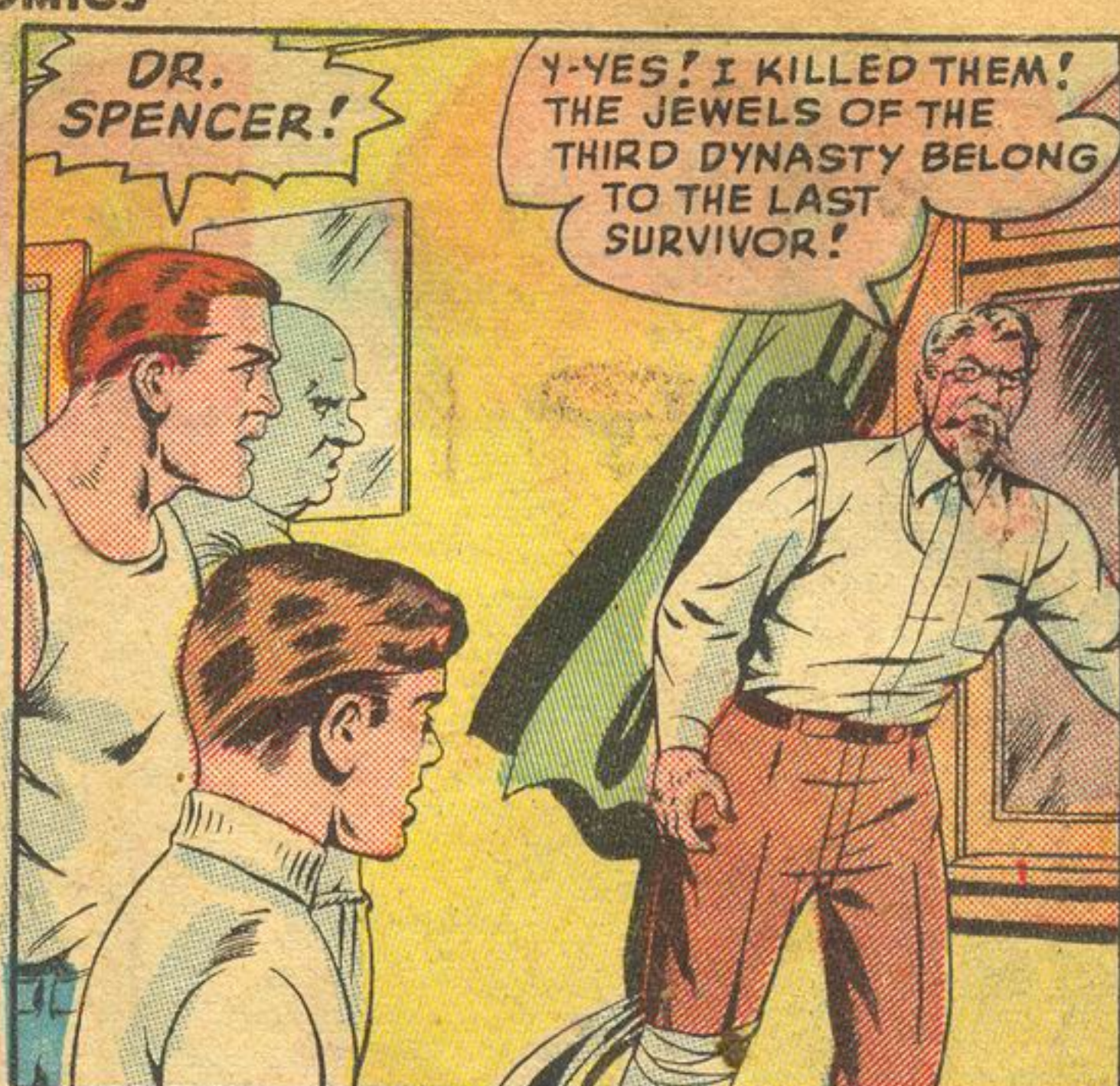




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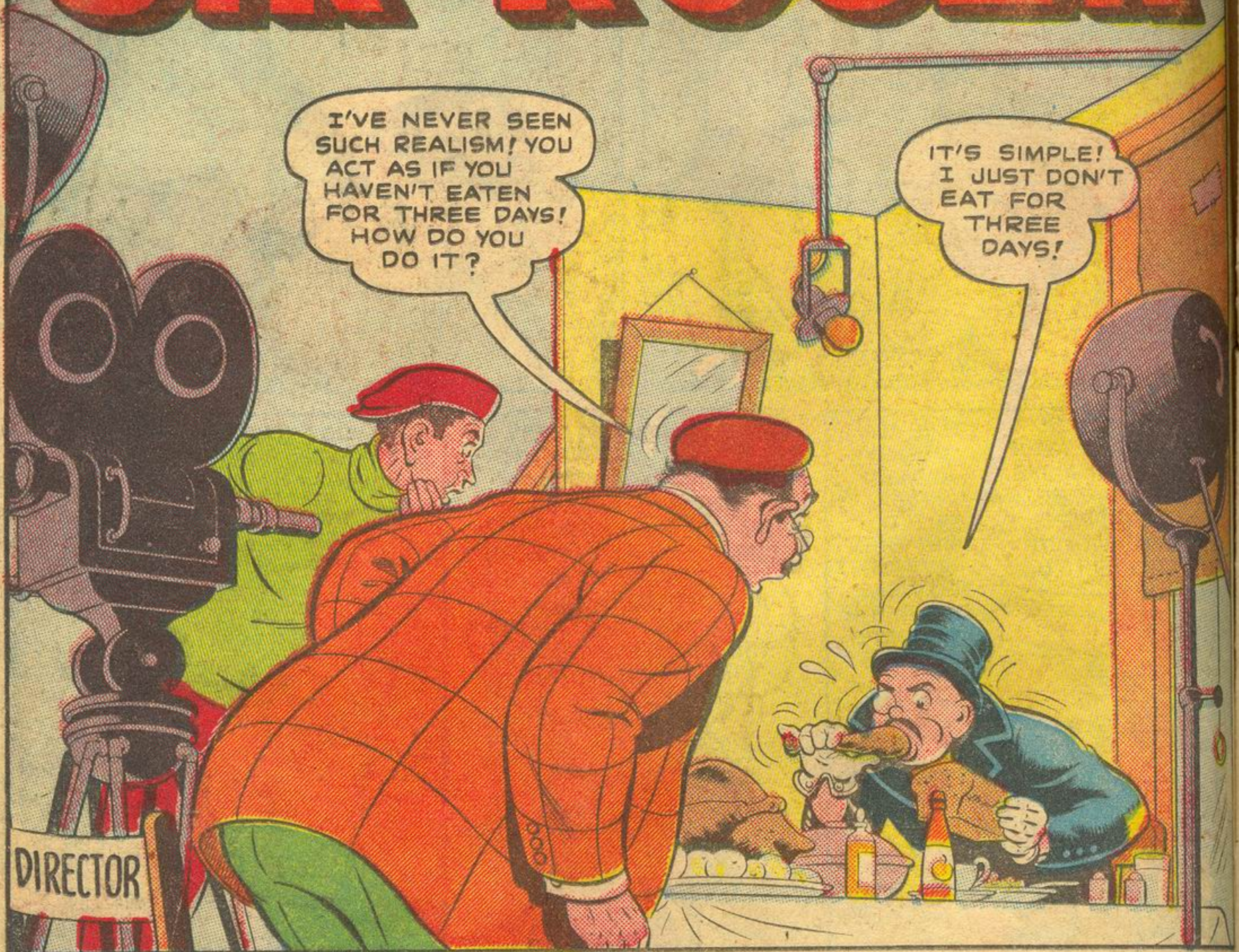




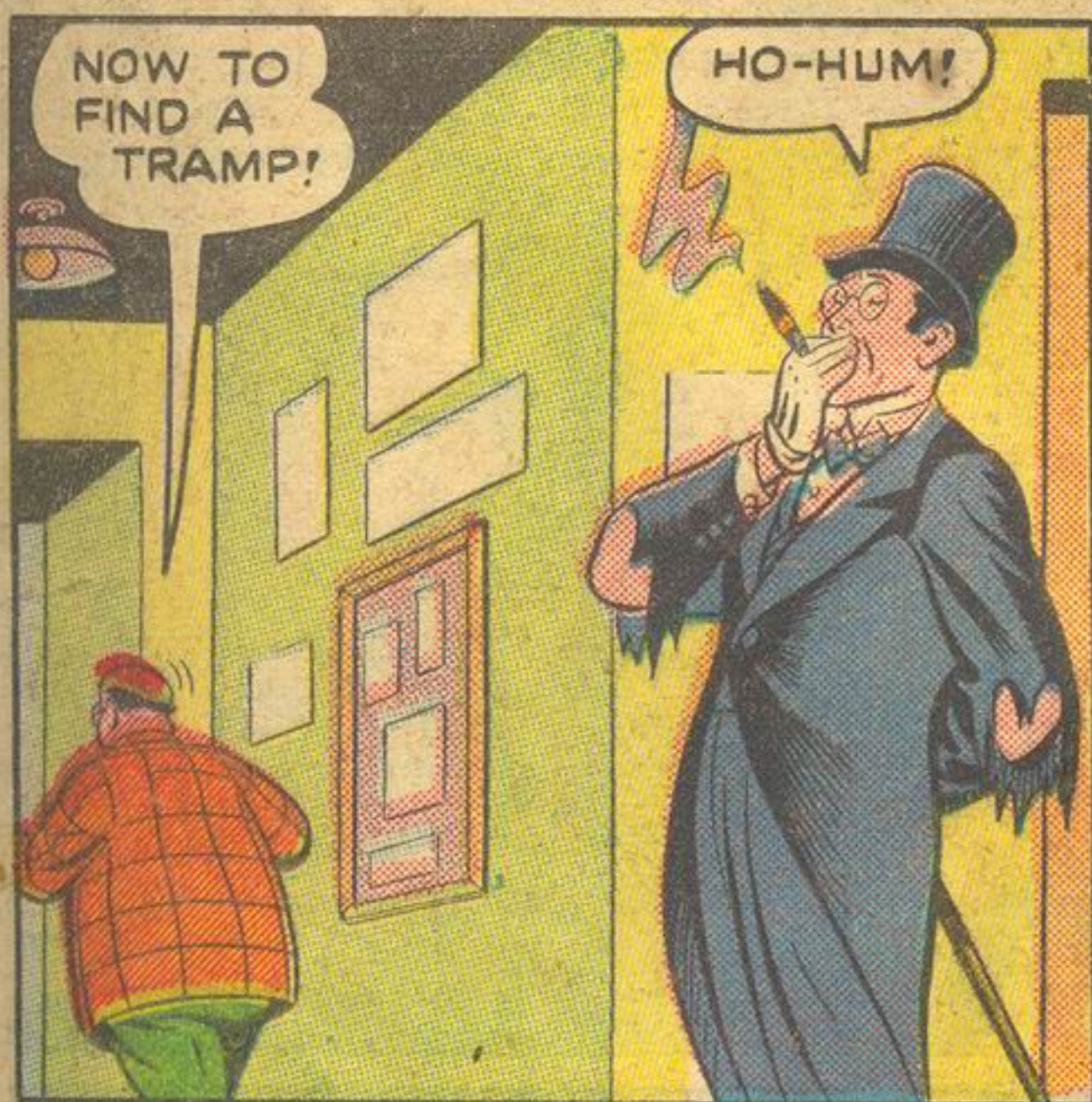




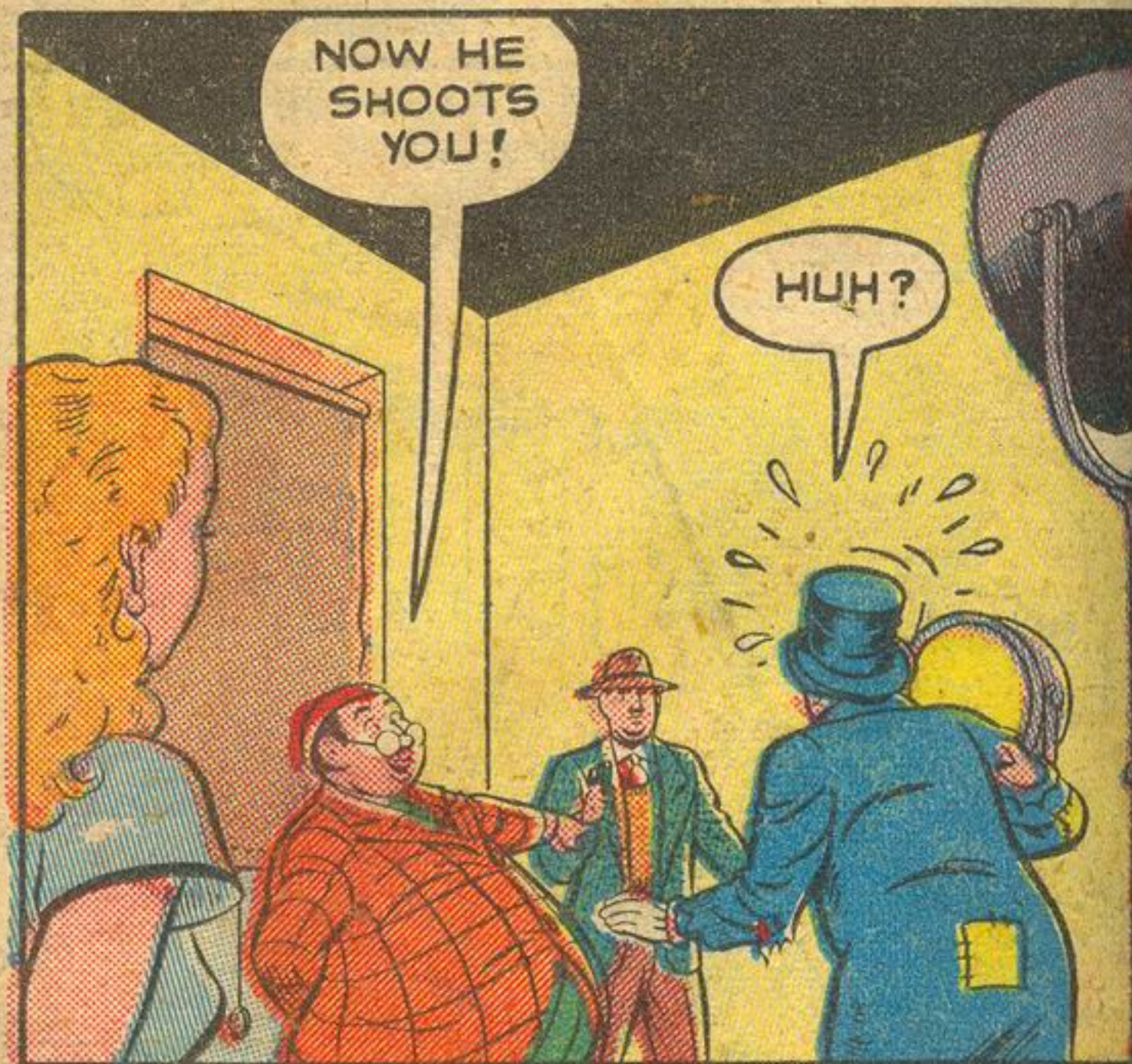
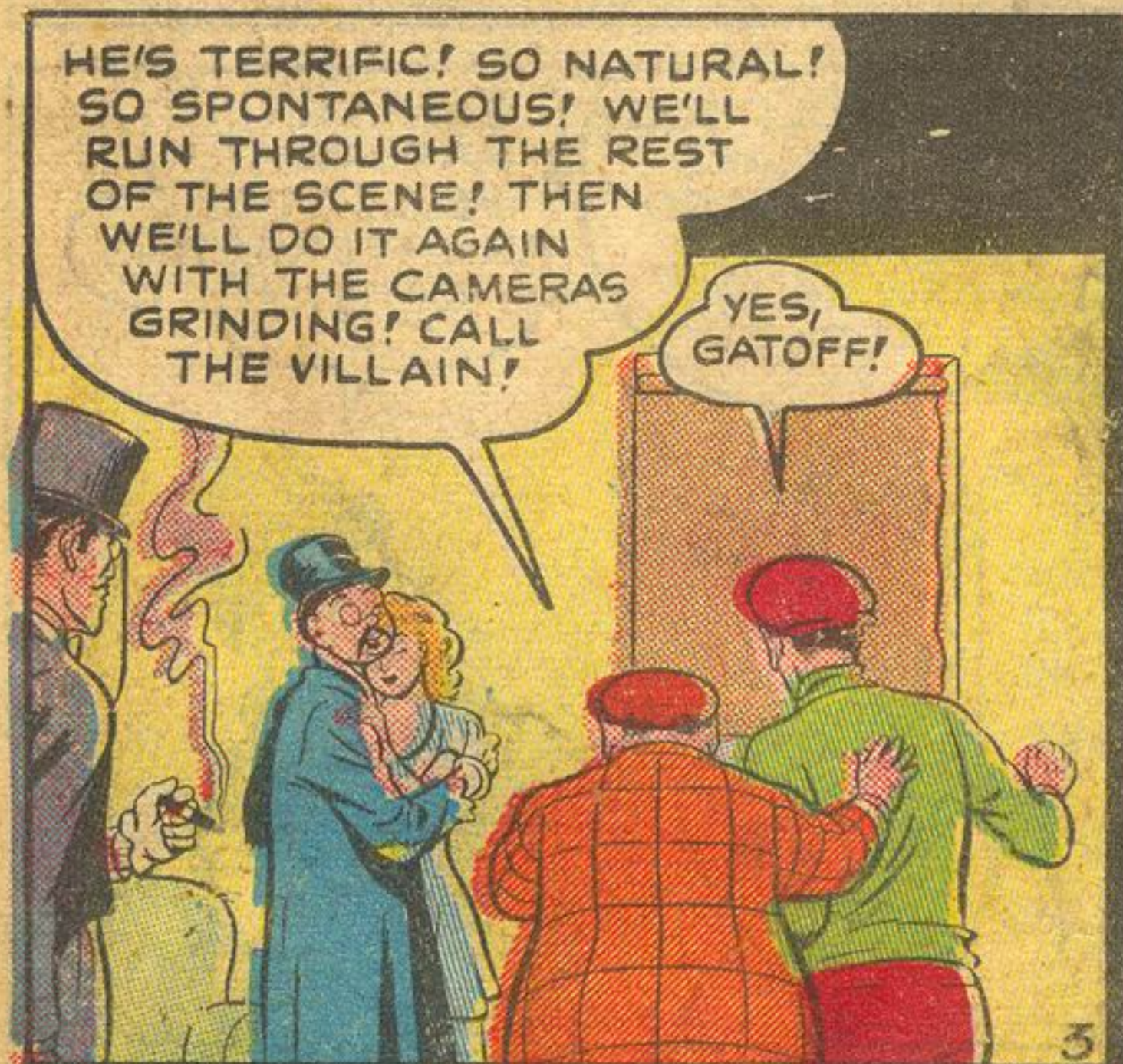
# SIR ROGER



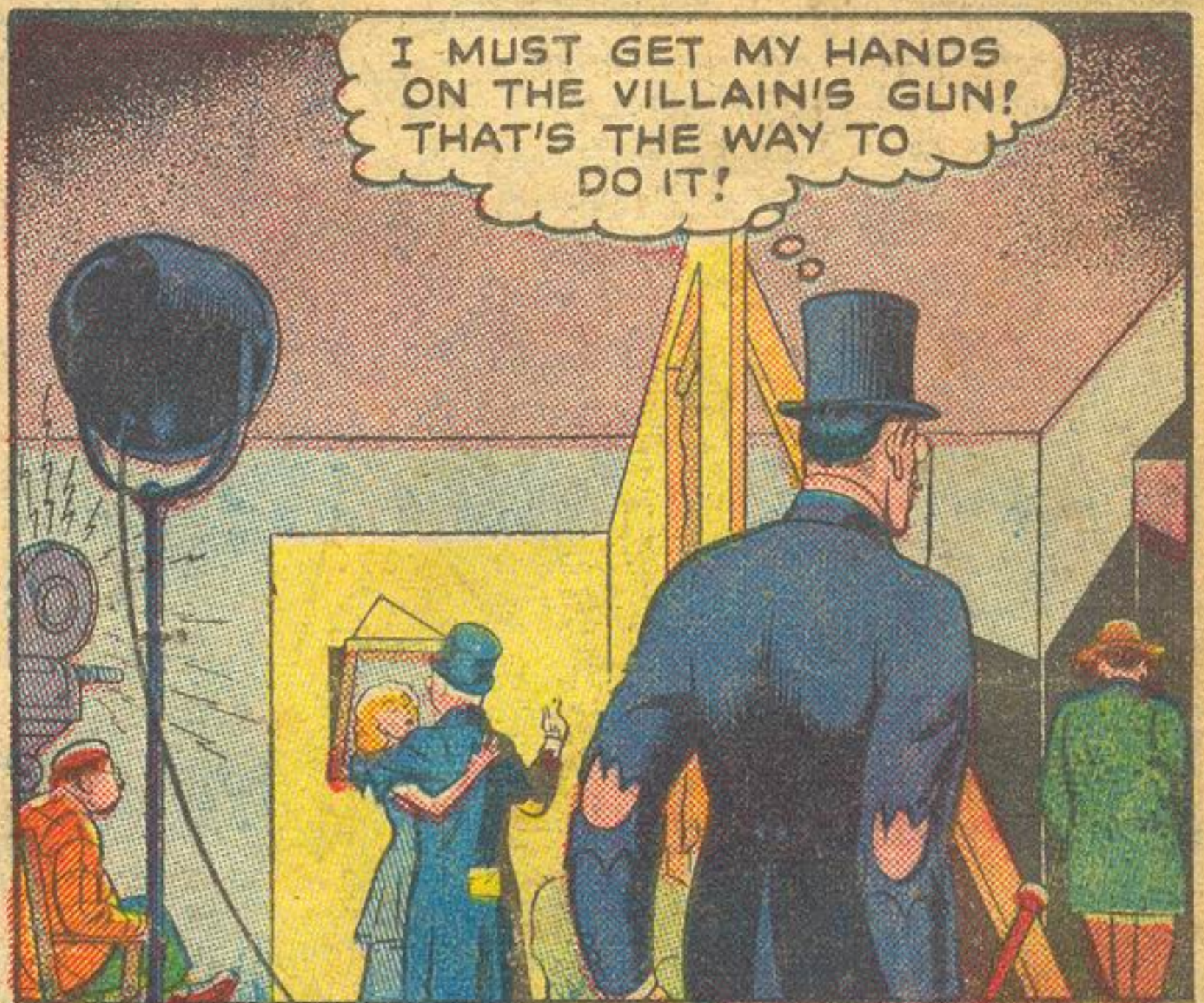
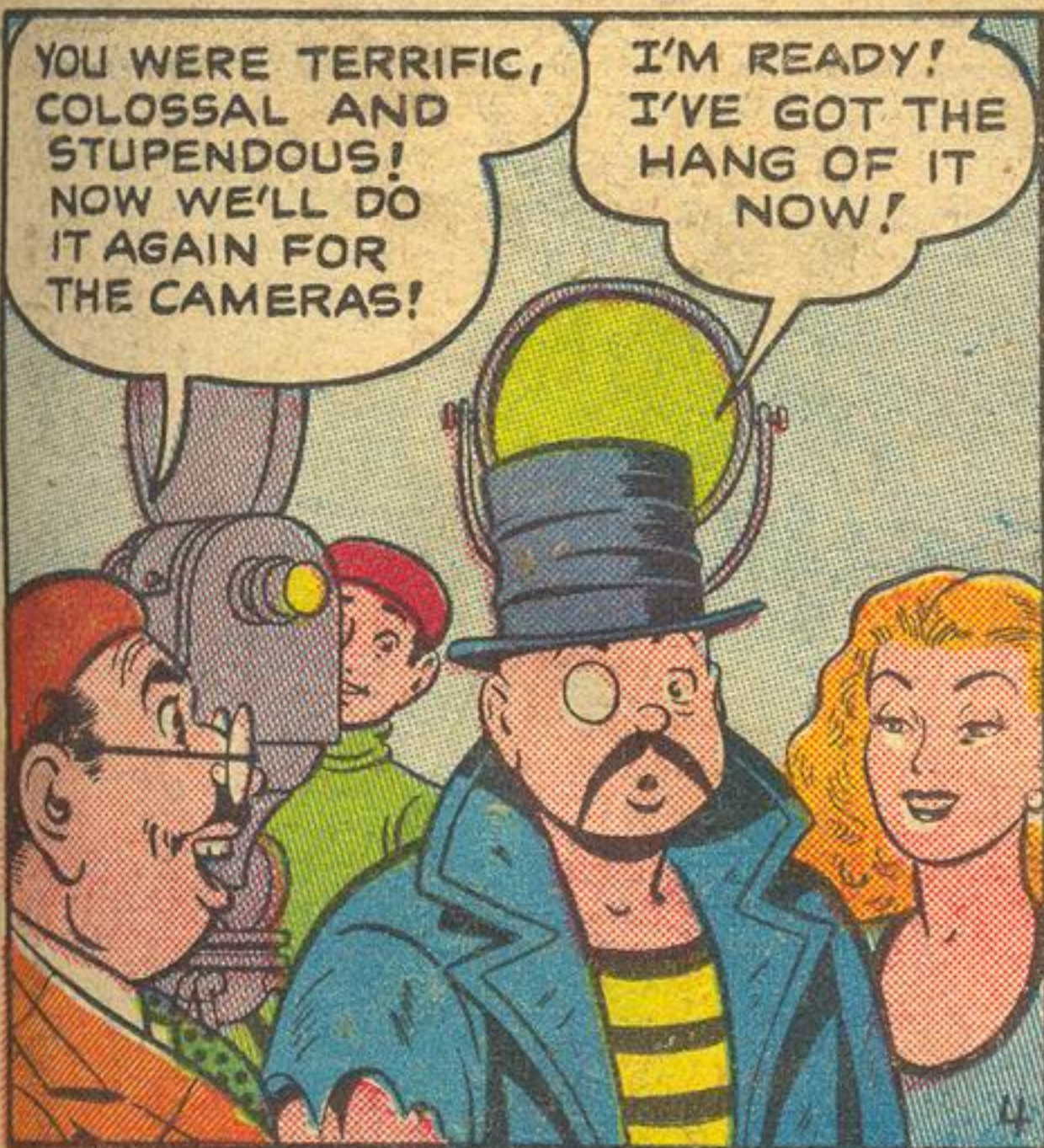
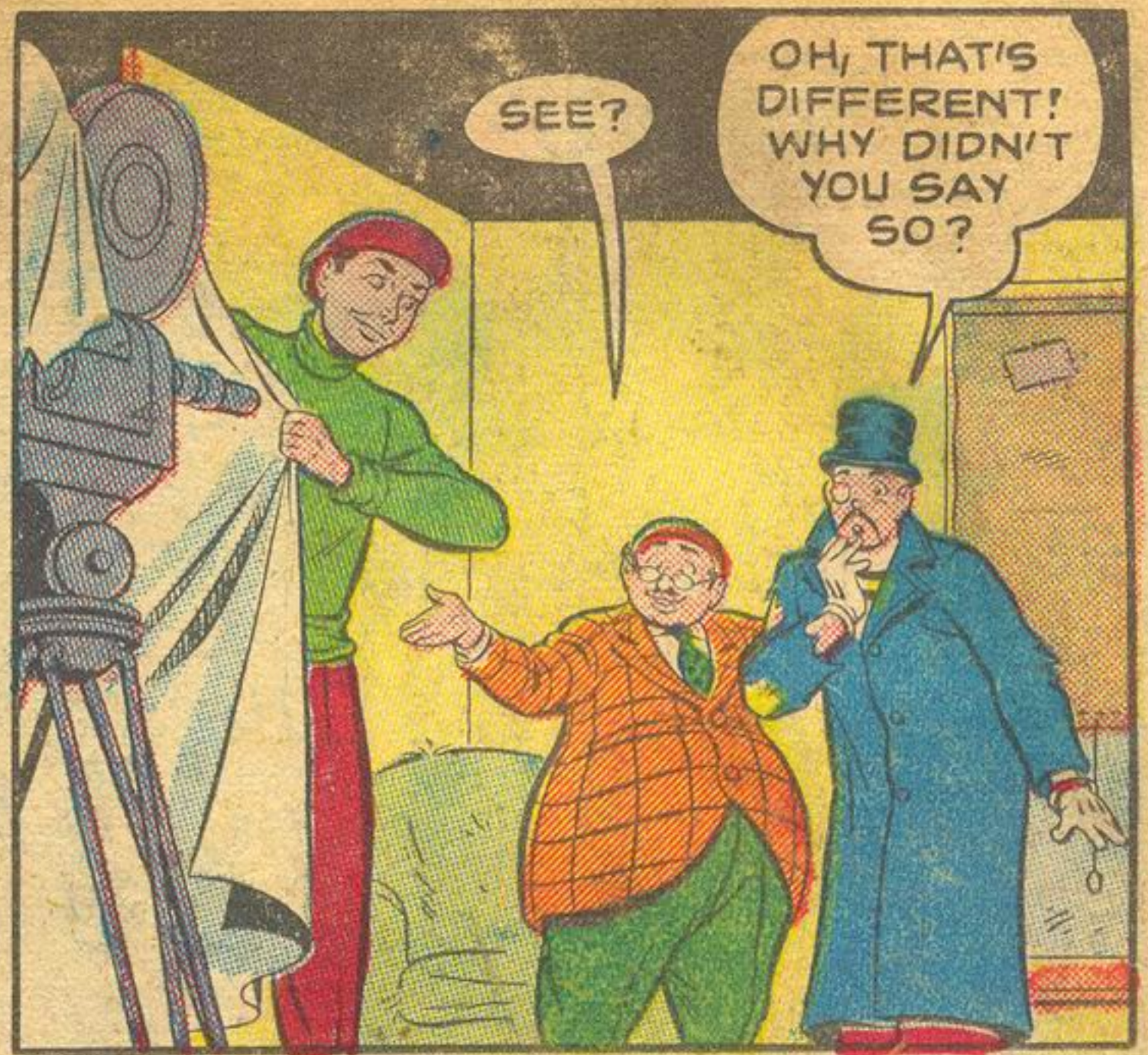






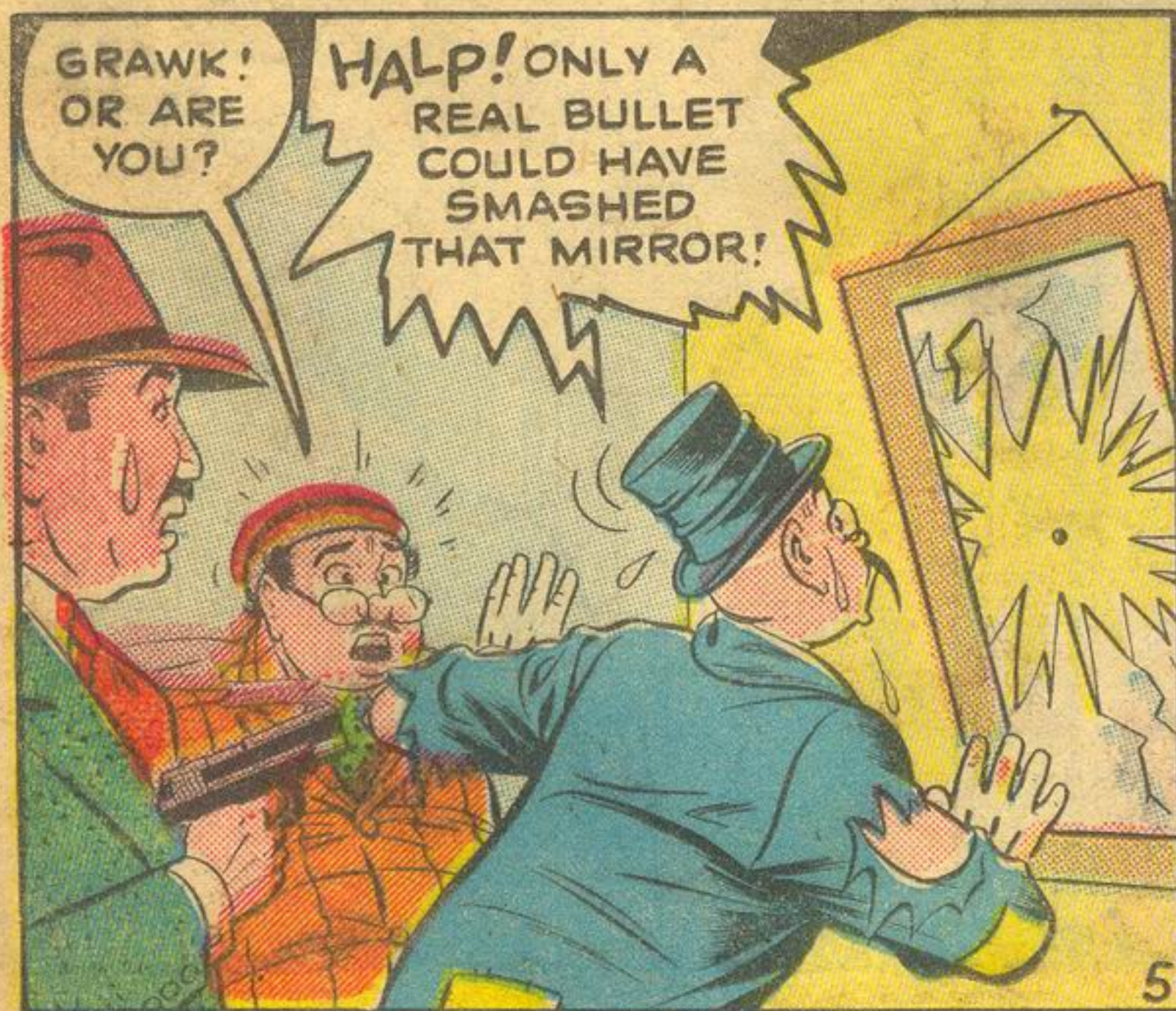
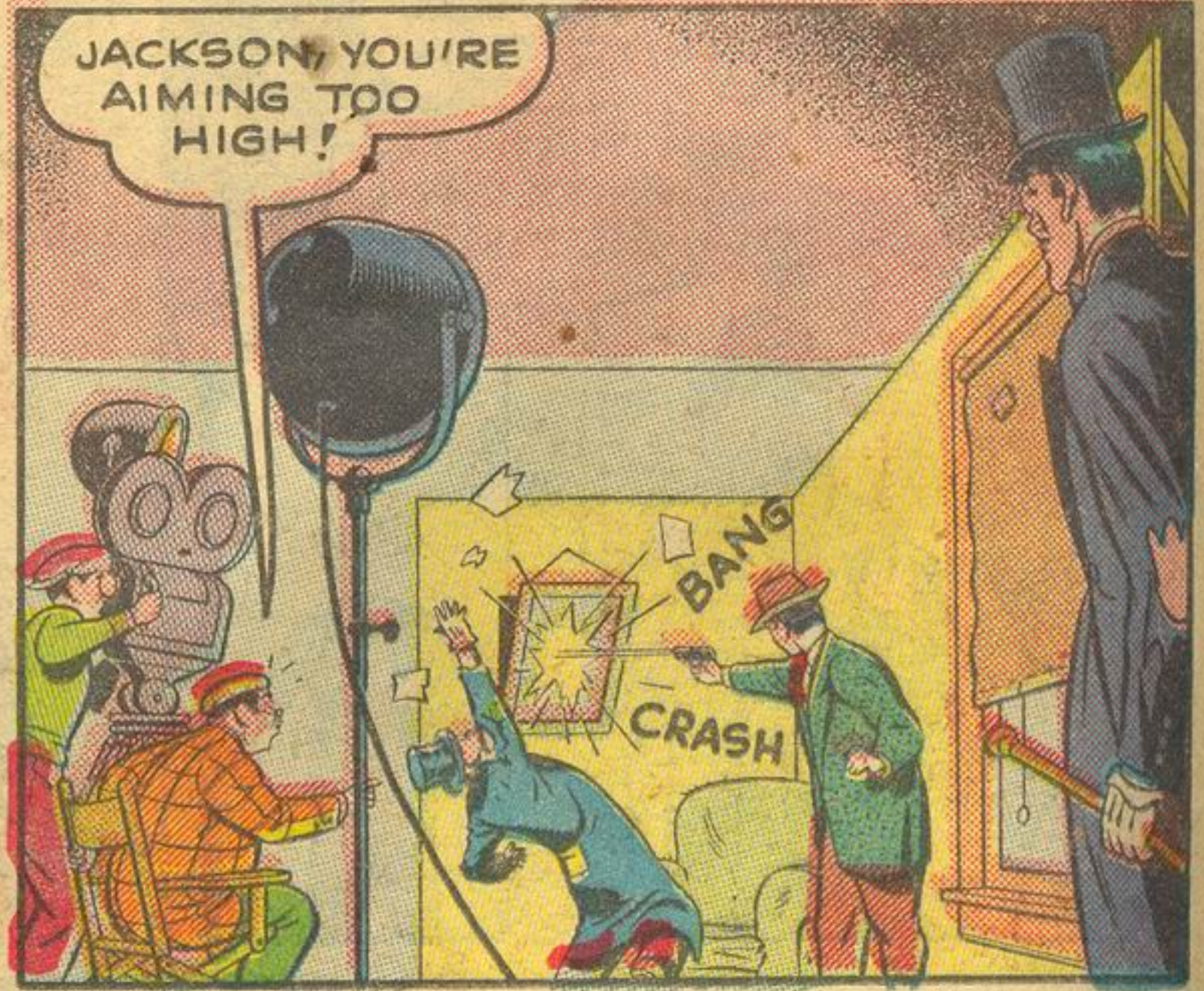
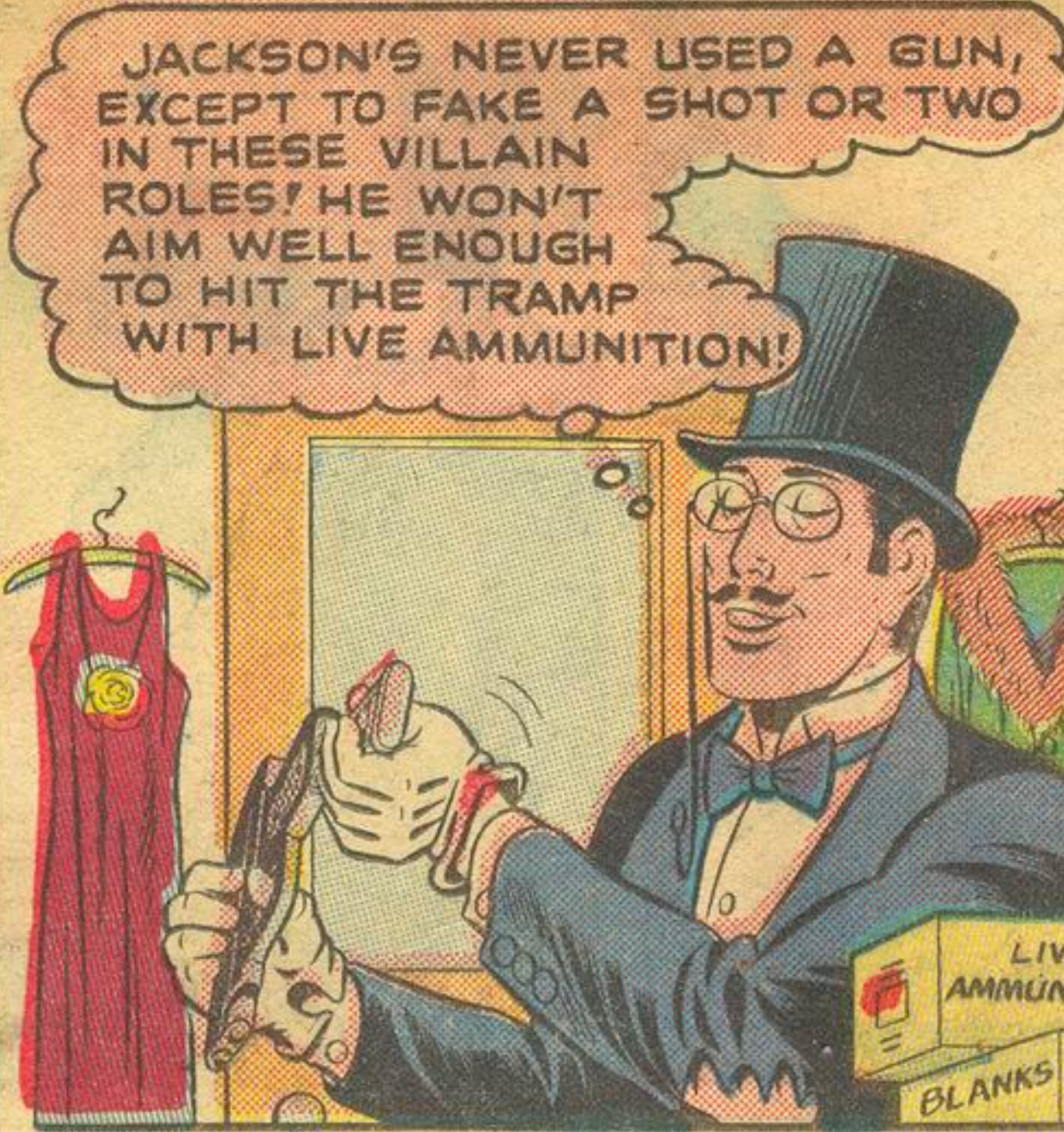








# HIT COMICS









# BOB and SWAB

ANOTHER SHORE LIBERTY  
COMING UP, BOB, AND NOT  
A CENT TO OUR NAMES!  
THOSE GUYS ABOARD THE  
"STINGRAY" SURE STUNG  
US IN MANDRAGOONA...

WE'LL GET  
EVEN, SWABBIE  
M'BOY!

AH FOR THE GOOD  
OLD DAYS WHEN  
PIRATES PLIED  
THESE WATERS!

HALFHITCH, YOU JUST GAVE ME  
AN IDEA! THE "STINGRAY'S"  
DROPPING HER HOOK HERE,  
TOO!

SO? DO YOU THINK  
WE CAN GET BACK  
THE DOUGH WE  
INVESTED IN THAT  
PHONY DATE  
BUREAU HER  
CREW COOKED  
UP IN MANDRA-  
GOONA?

OOF!

RIGHT, MATEYS...  
HERE'S THE DEAL...  
**TOMORROW**....

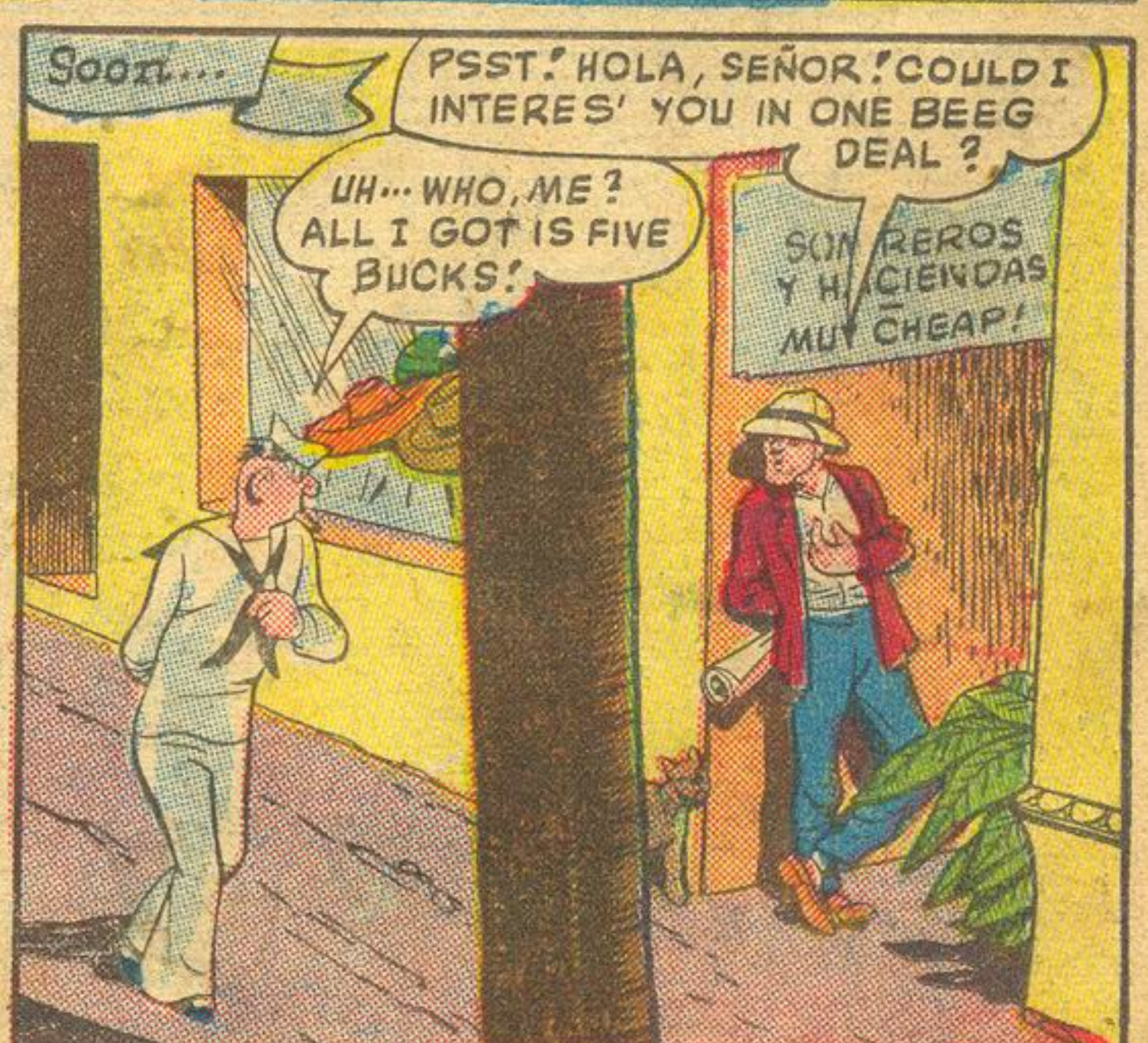
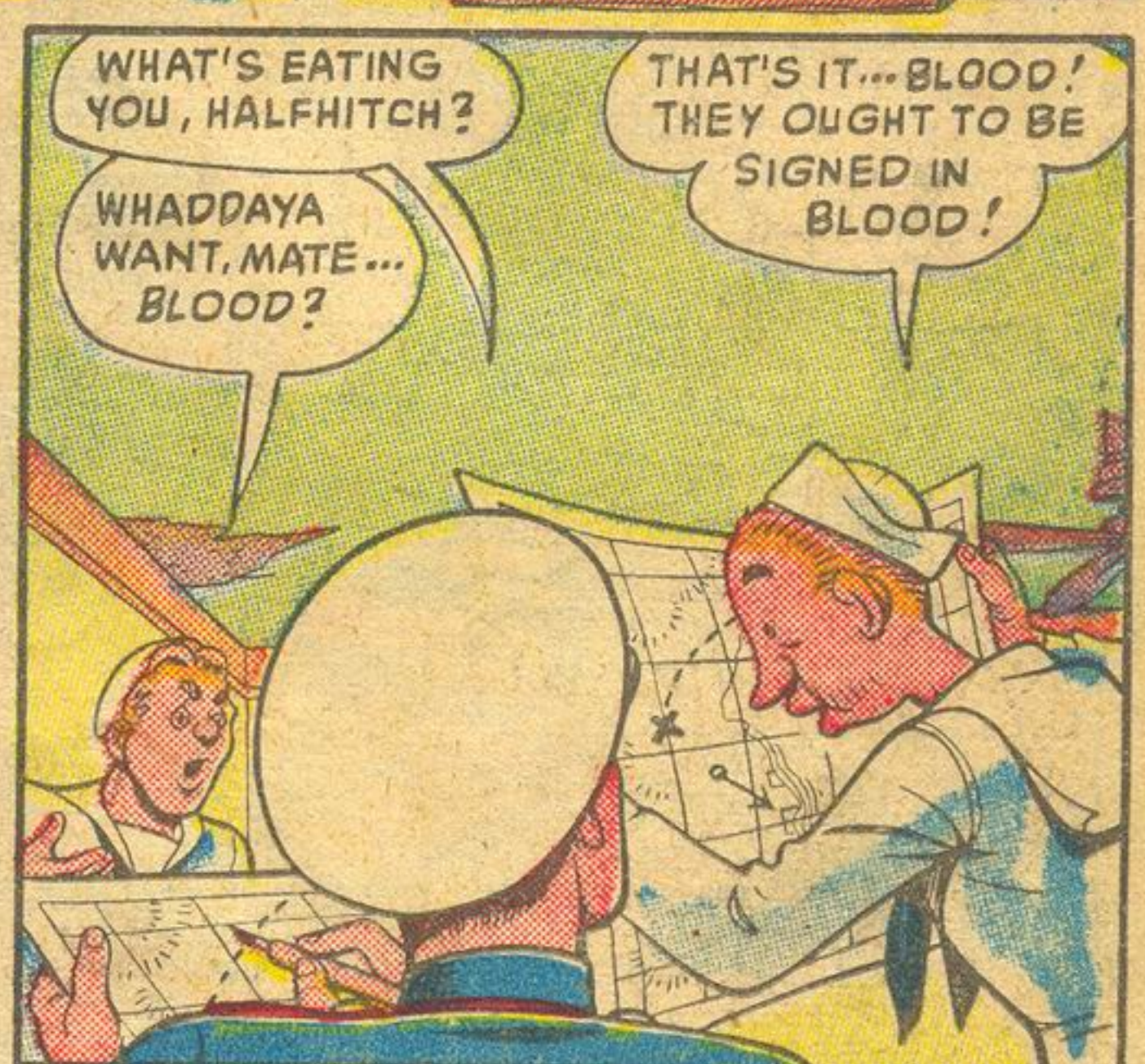
OKAY, SWABBIE!  
KEEP YOUR RUN-  
NING LIGHTS PEELED  
FOR AN ANTIQUE  
SHOP!

AYE, AYE,  
SKIPPER!  
HEY, THERE'S  
ONE OVER  
THERE!

NO  
PARK  
HERE



# HIT COMICS





# HIT COMICS

SI, AMIGO, SI! I 'AVE 'ERE ONE VER' VALUABLE TREASURE MAP! EES YOURS FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLAROS!

GEE, THANKS! I LOVE TREASURE HUNTS!

THAT'S ONE REFUND FROM THE "STINGRAYS" CREW!



In another part of town...

...SO A GUY TELLS ME THIS ISLAND IS LOADED WITH TREASURE!

EES, TRUE, AMIGOS... MUCH RICH TREASURE IS HERE! THEES MAP I WEEL SELL FOR TEN DOLLAROS A HEAD! YOU WOULD LIKE?



PARDNER, YOU'VE MADE A SALE!

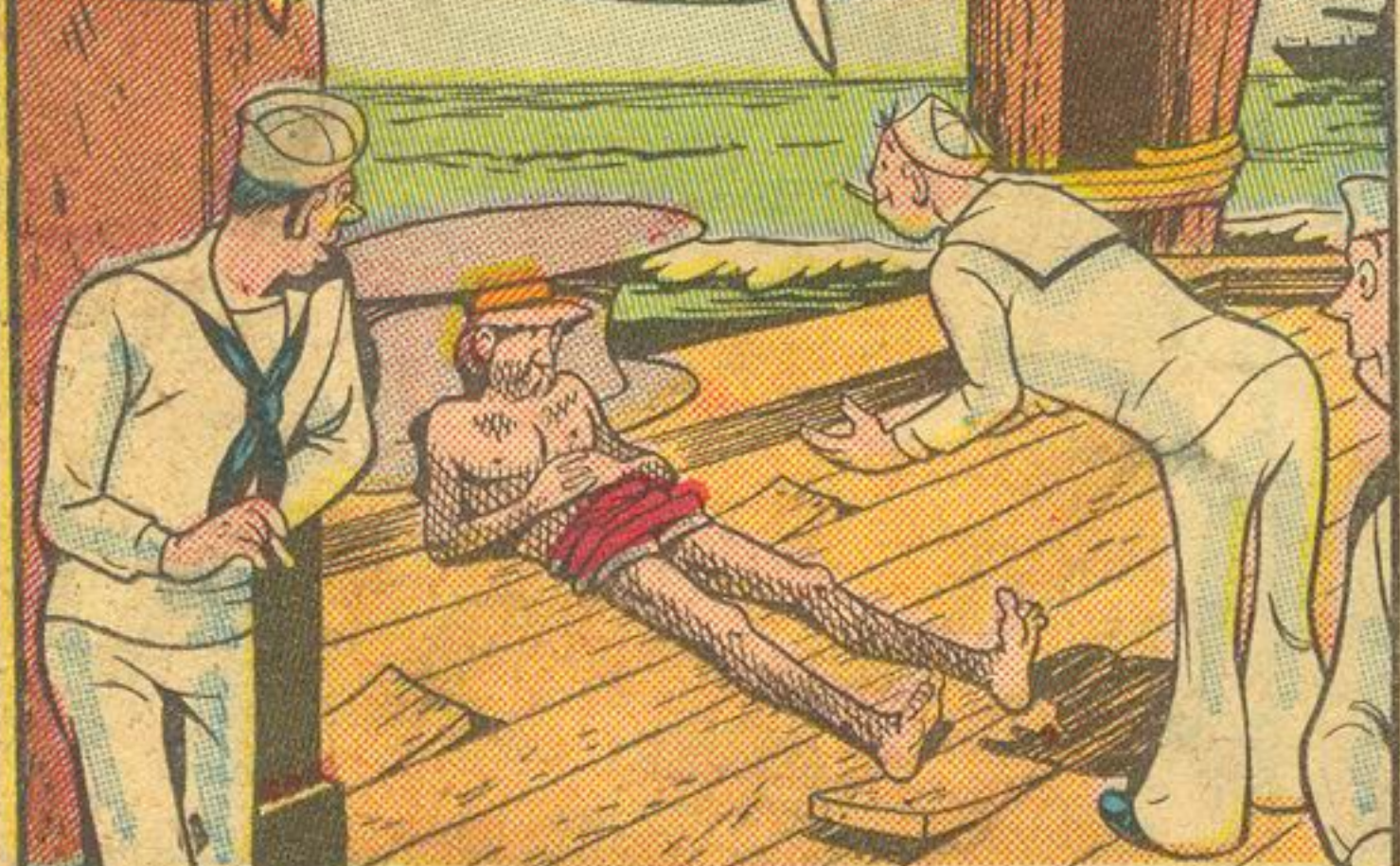
HERE'S MINE!

IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL BE EVEN WITH THESE "STINGRAY" GUYS IN NO TIME!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, NATURE BOY? MISS THE BOAT?

TELL ME, PAL... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANY OLD TREASURE MAPS OF THIS PLACE?



HOT DIGGITY!

HEY, PEDRO... DID YOU EVER SERVE A HITCH IN THE U.S. NAVY? I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!

NO, SEÑOR... POOR PEDRO NEVER LEAVE THEES ISLAND!

BUT YOU "STINGRAY" GUYS'LL BE GLAD TO GO WHEN YOU FIND OUT WHAT SUCKERS YOU'VE BEEN!

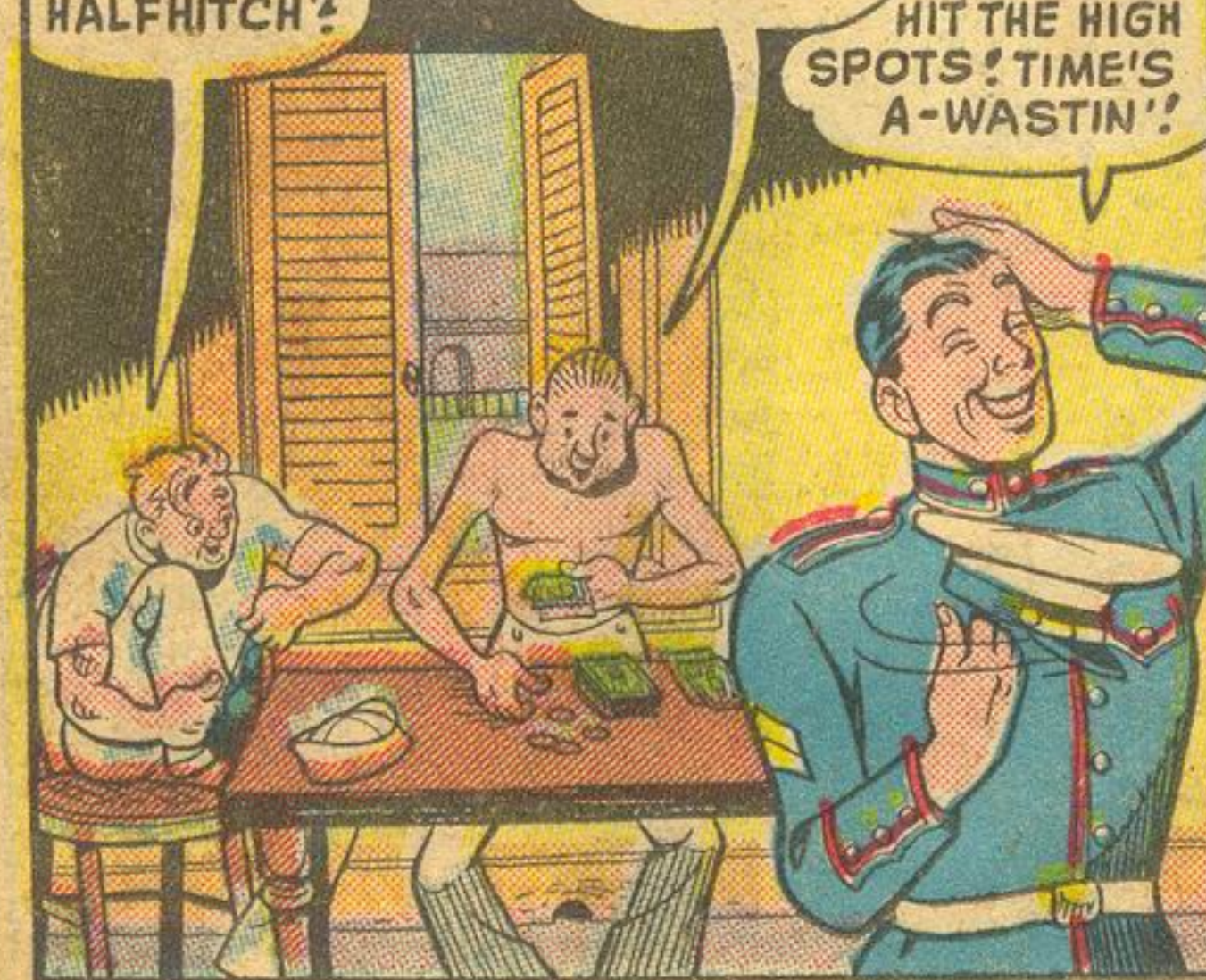


Later...

WHAT'S THE HAUL, HALFHITCH?

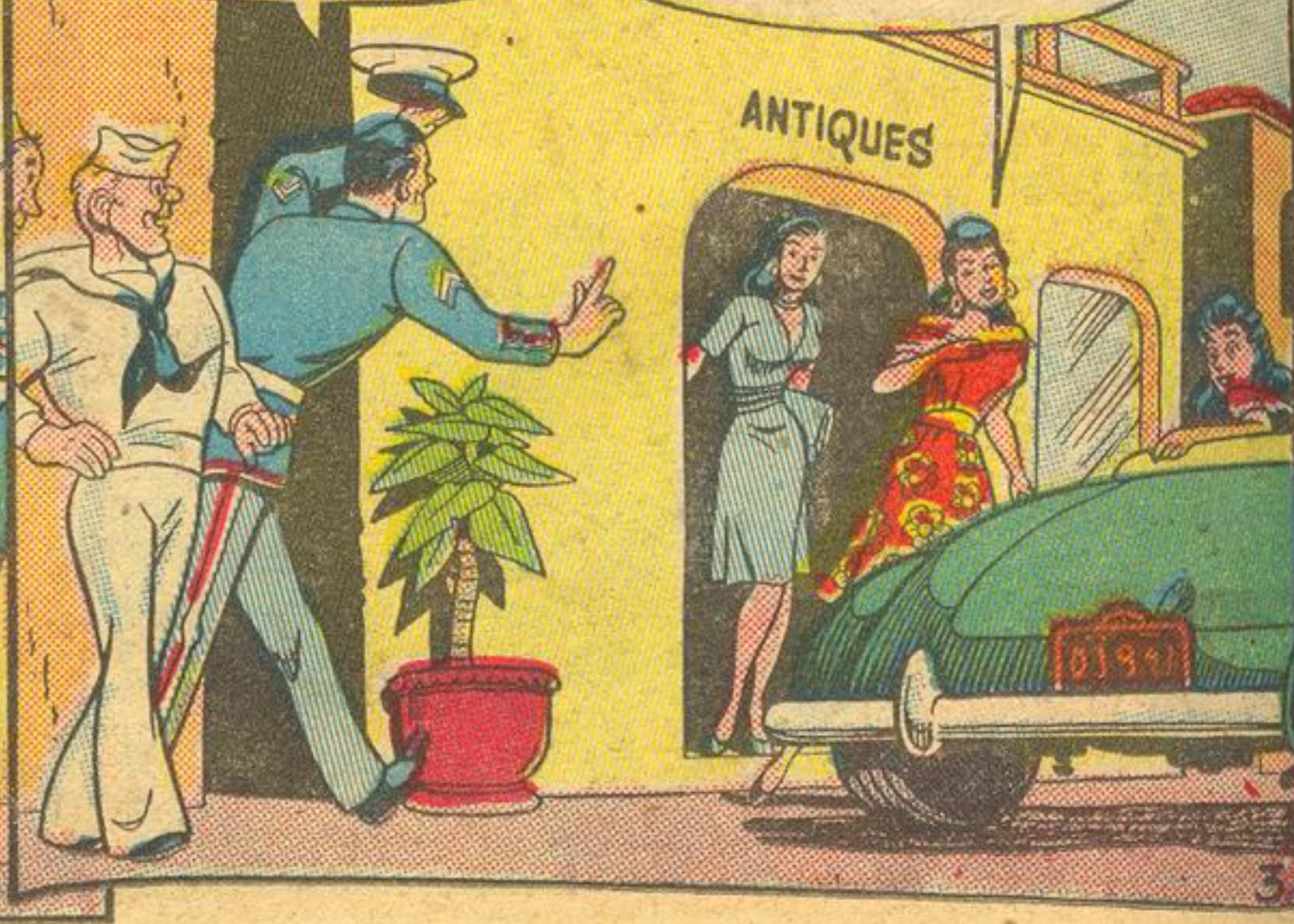
EIGHTY SMACKERS, PAL! OUR MANDRAGOONA INVESTMENT REFUNDED TO THE DOLLAR!

C'MON, LETS HIT THE HIGH SPOTS! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!



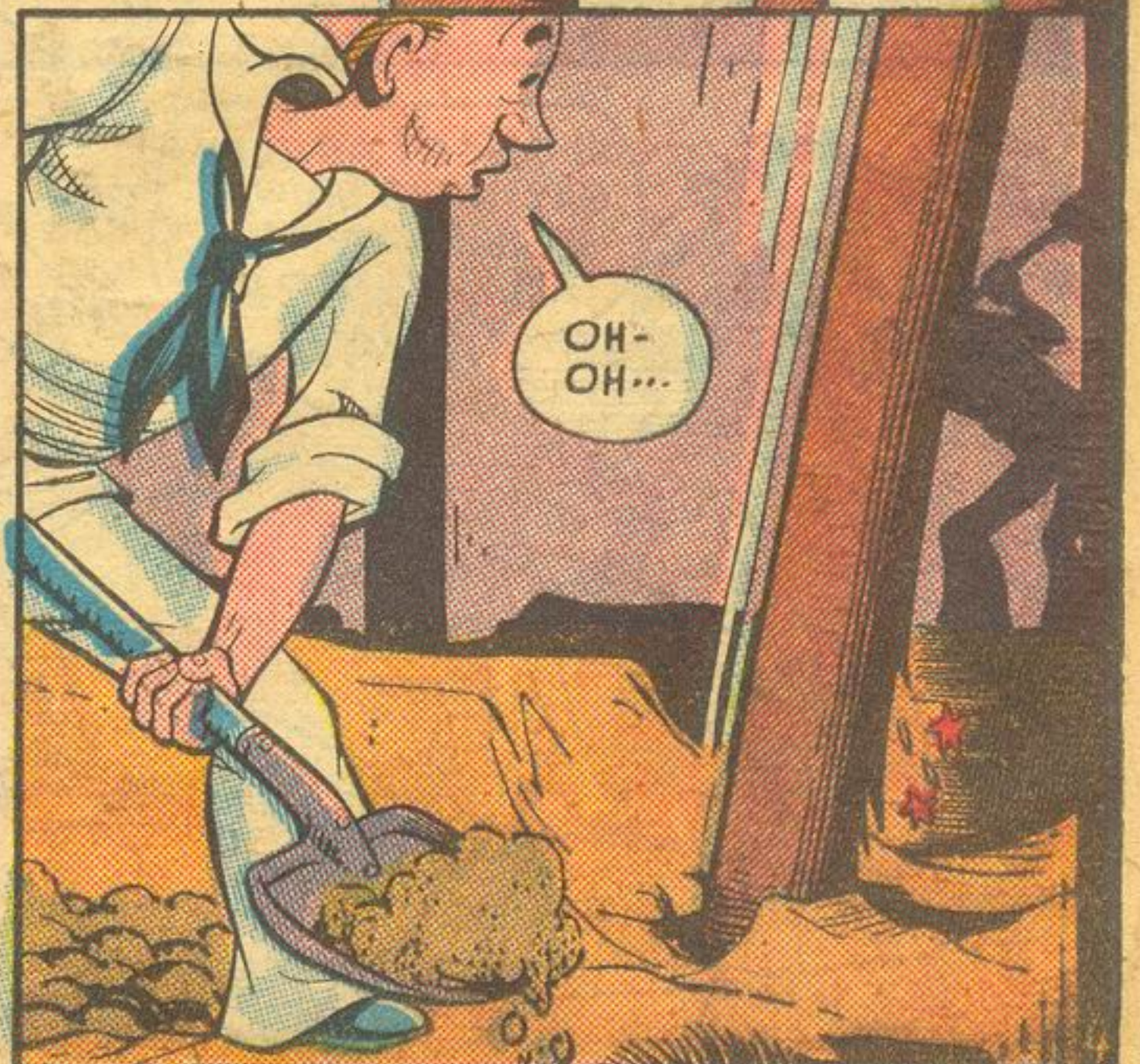
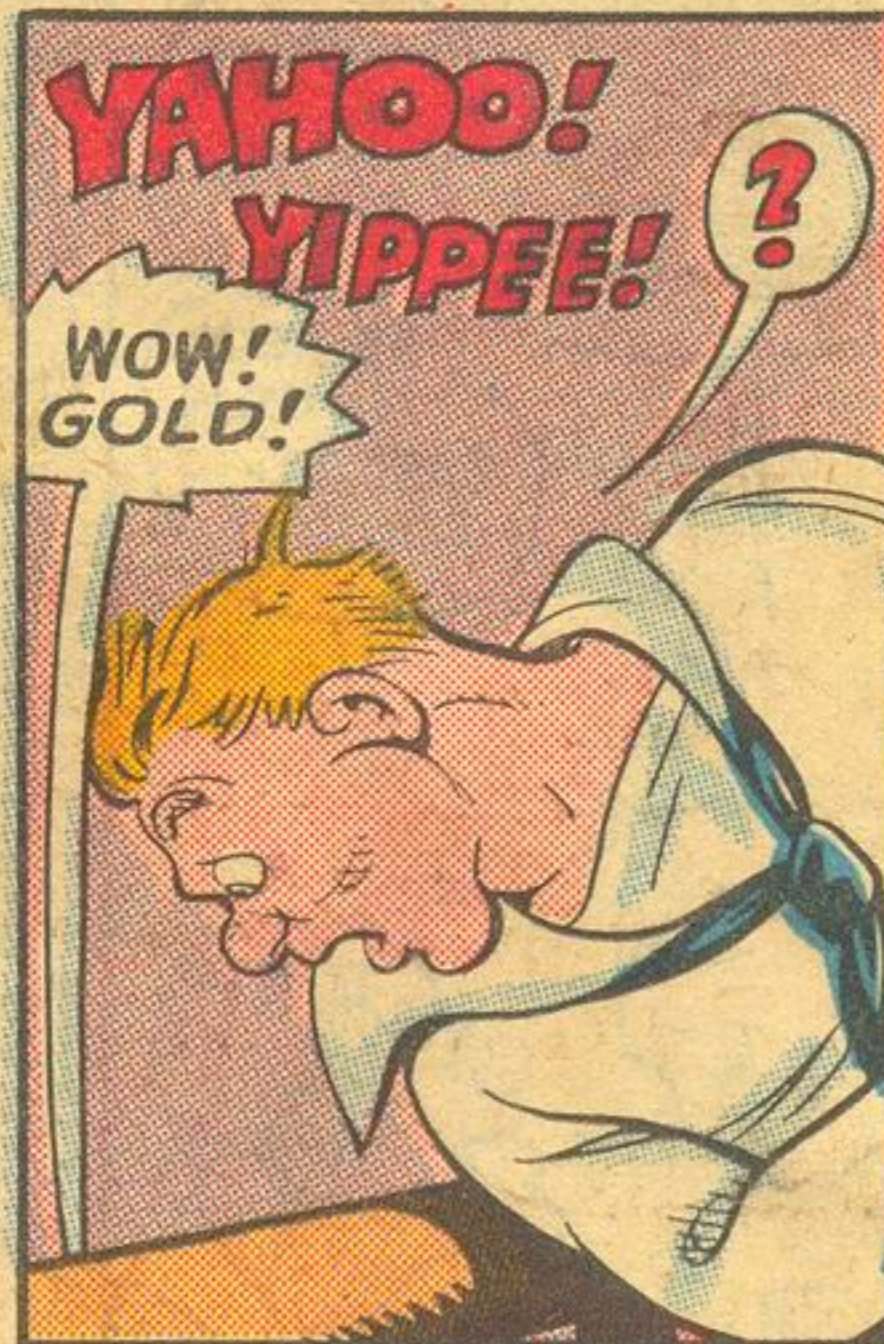
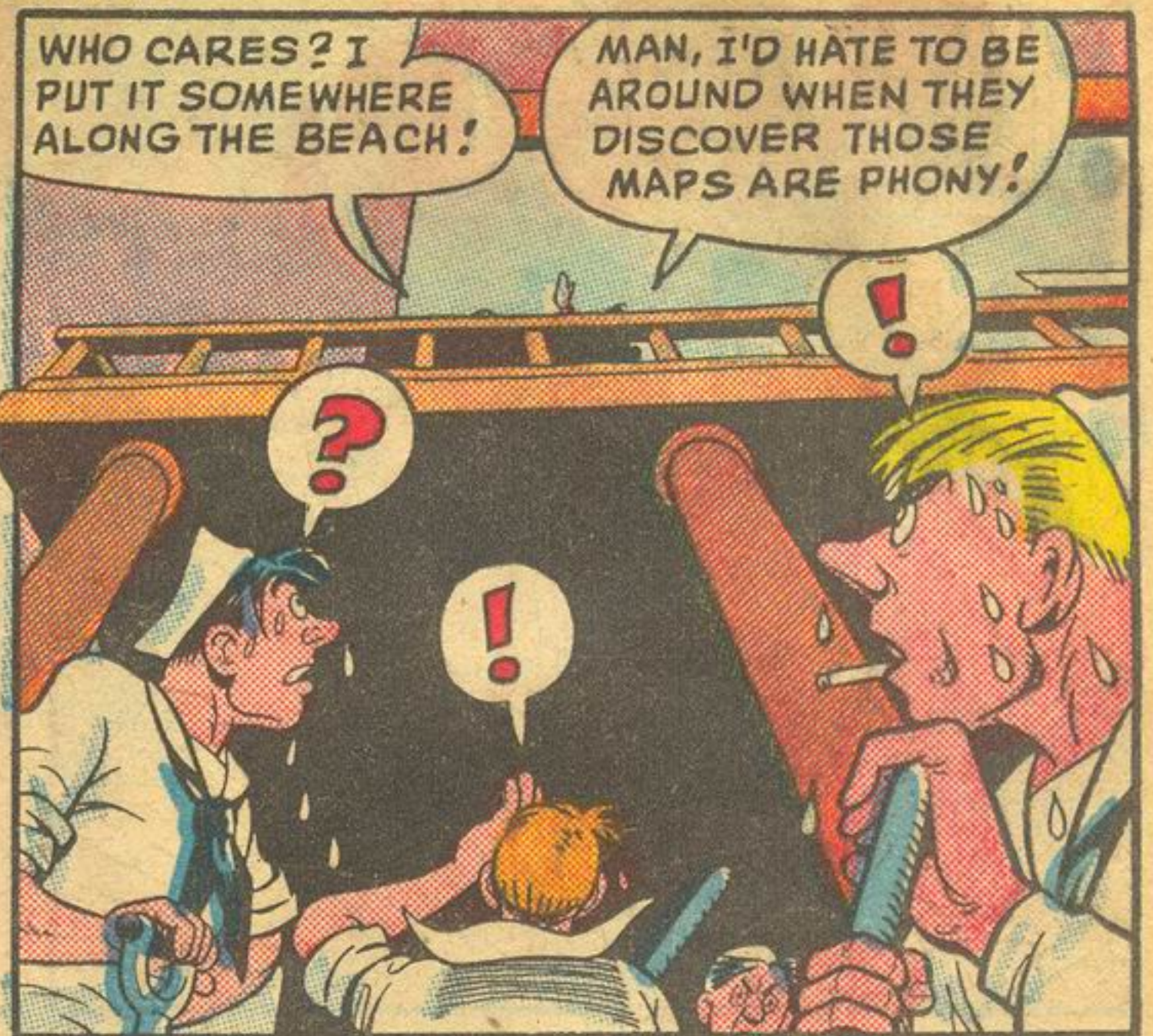
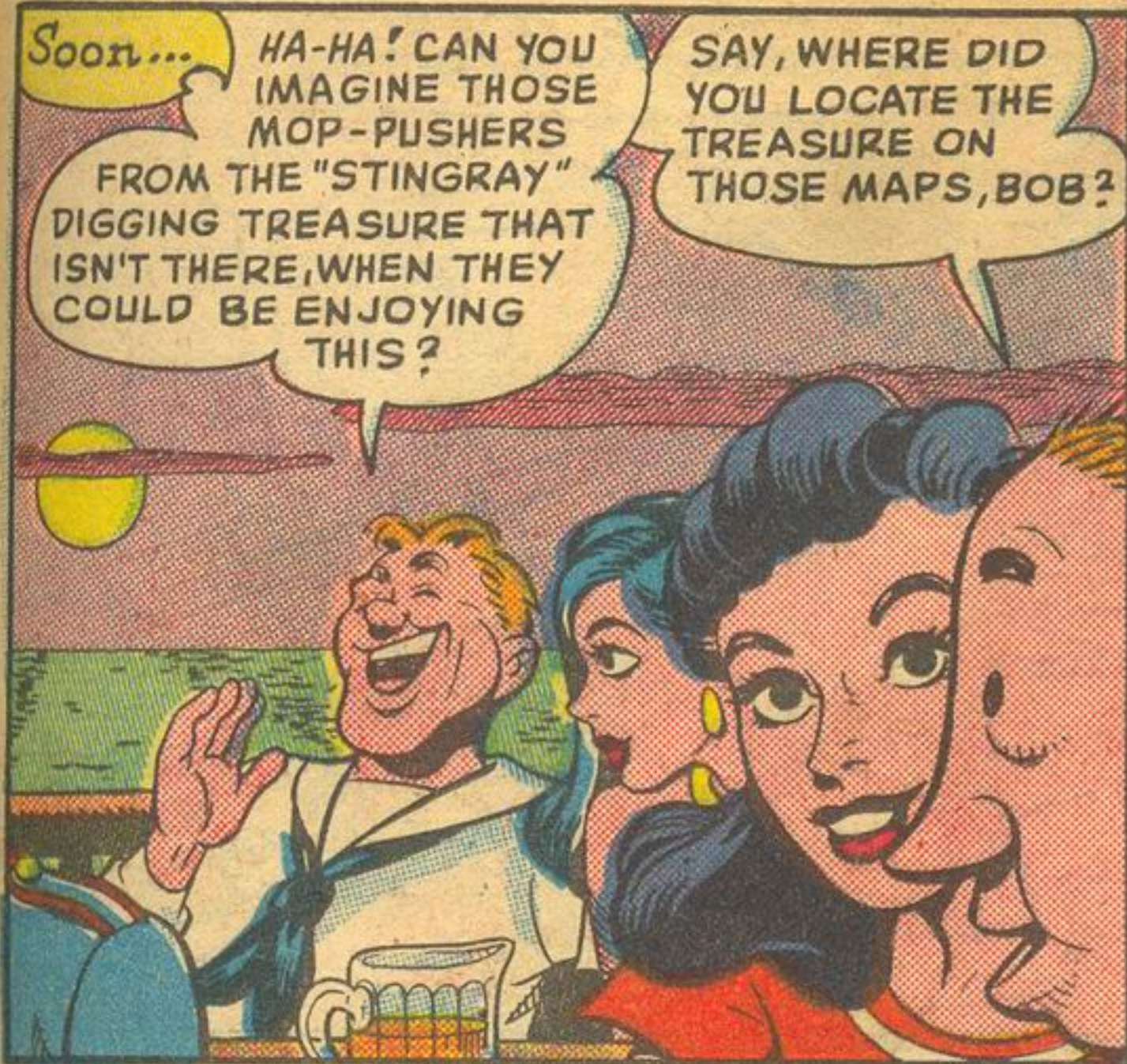
BUENAS NOCHES, SEÑORITAS! GOING OUR WAY?

AH, YES! IF THE SEÑOR MEANS TO DINNER... WE WOULD LOVE TO!



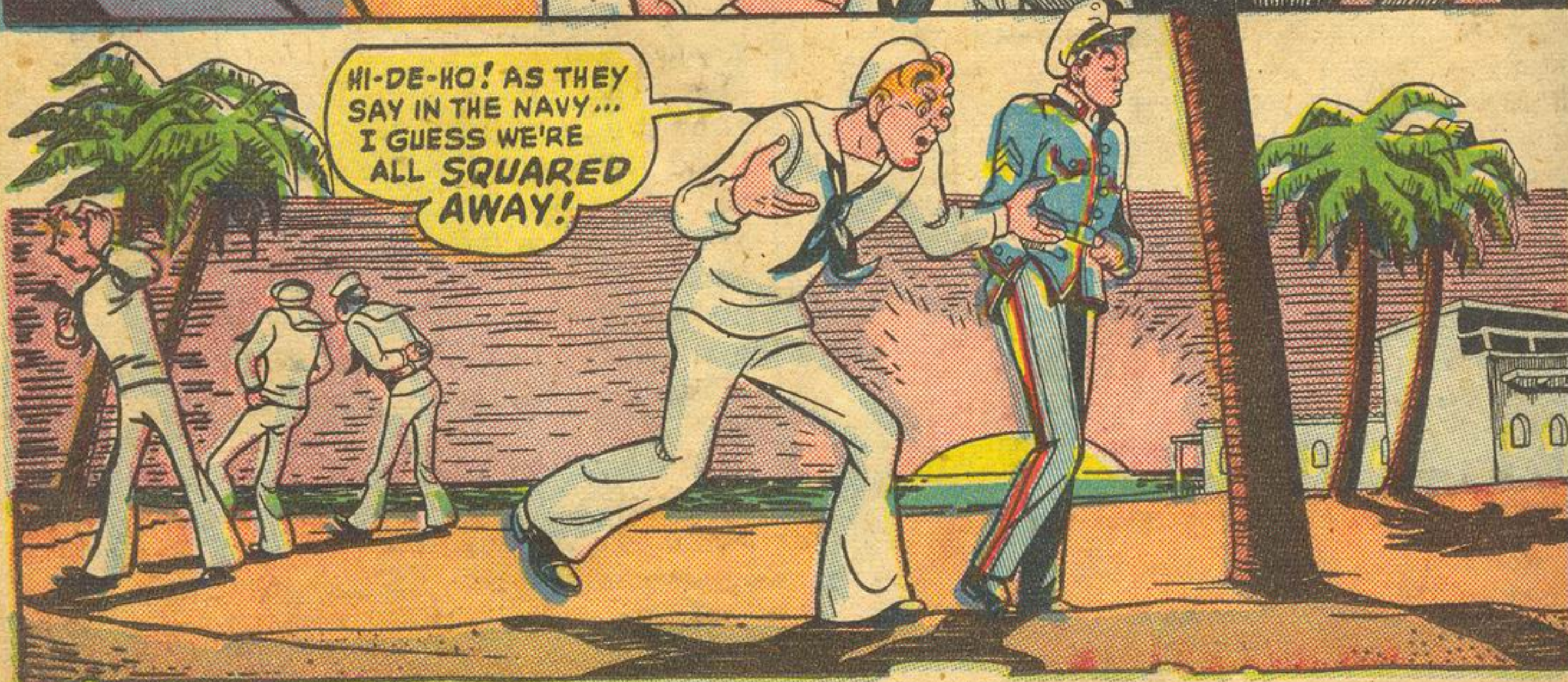
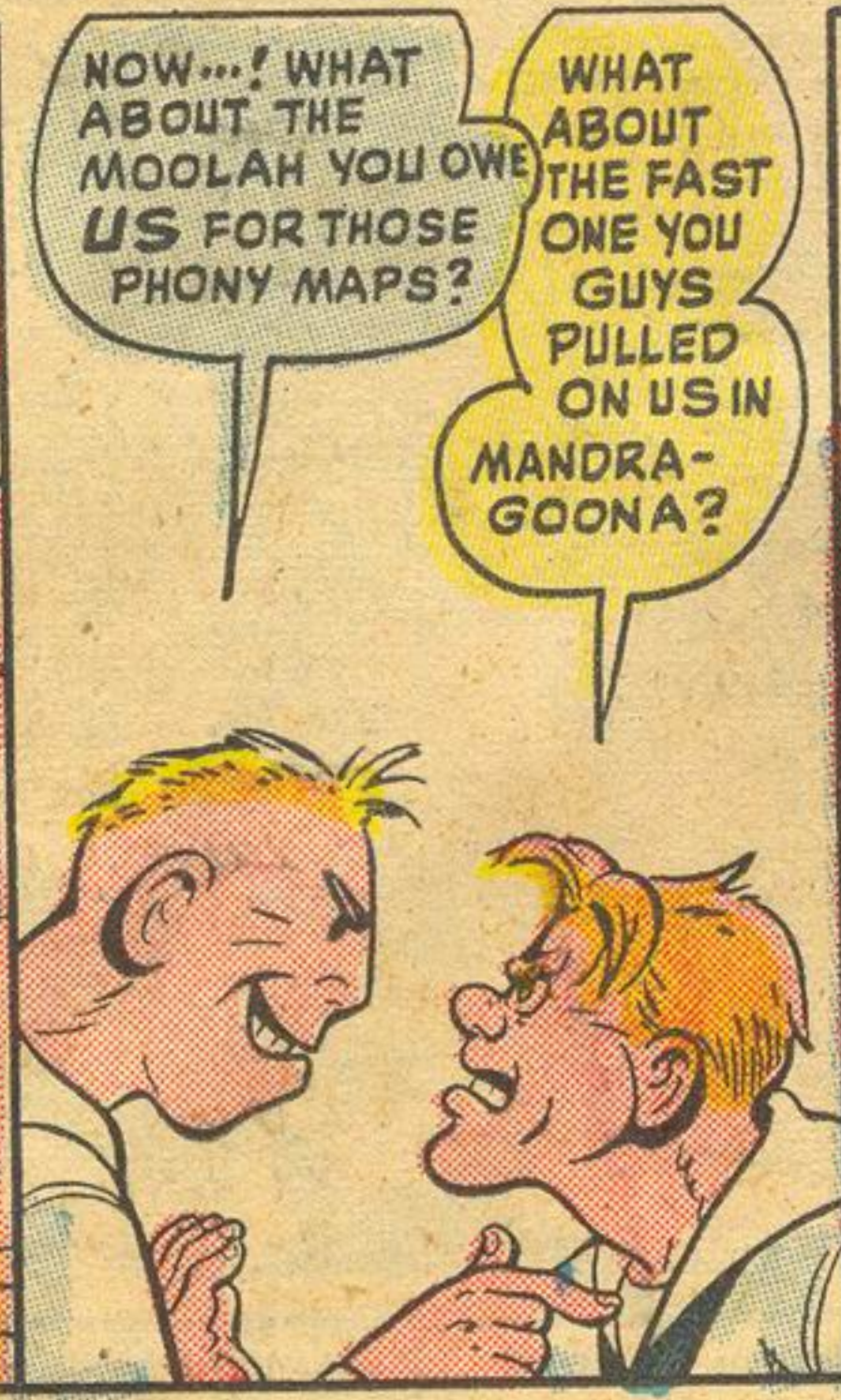
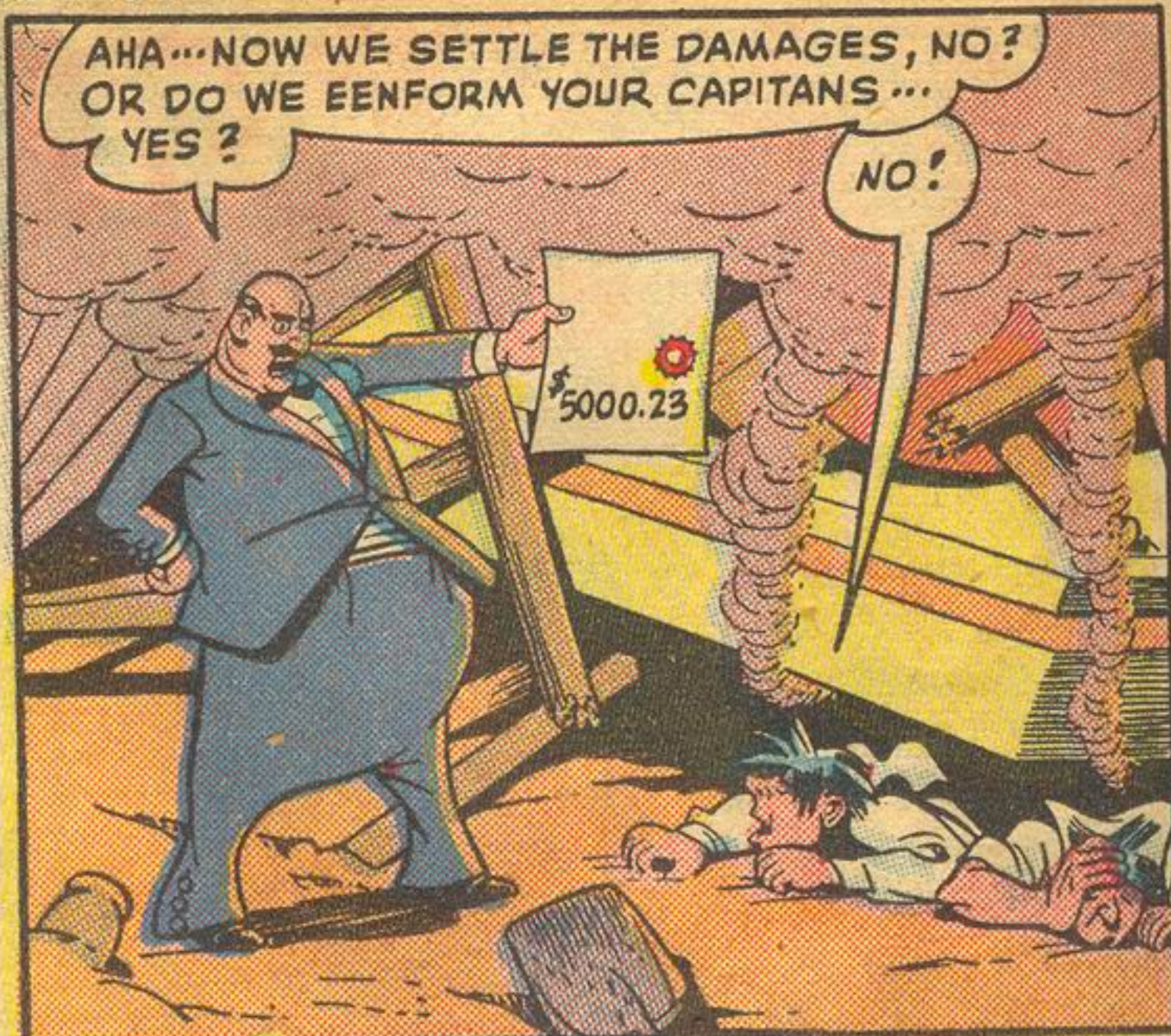
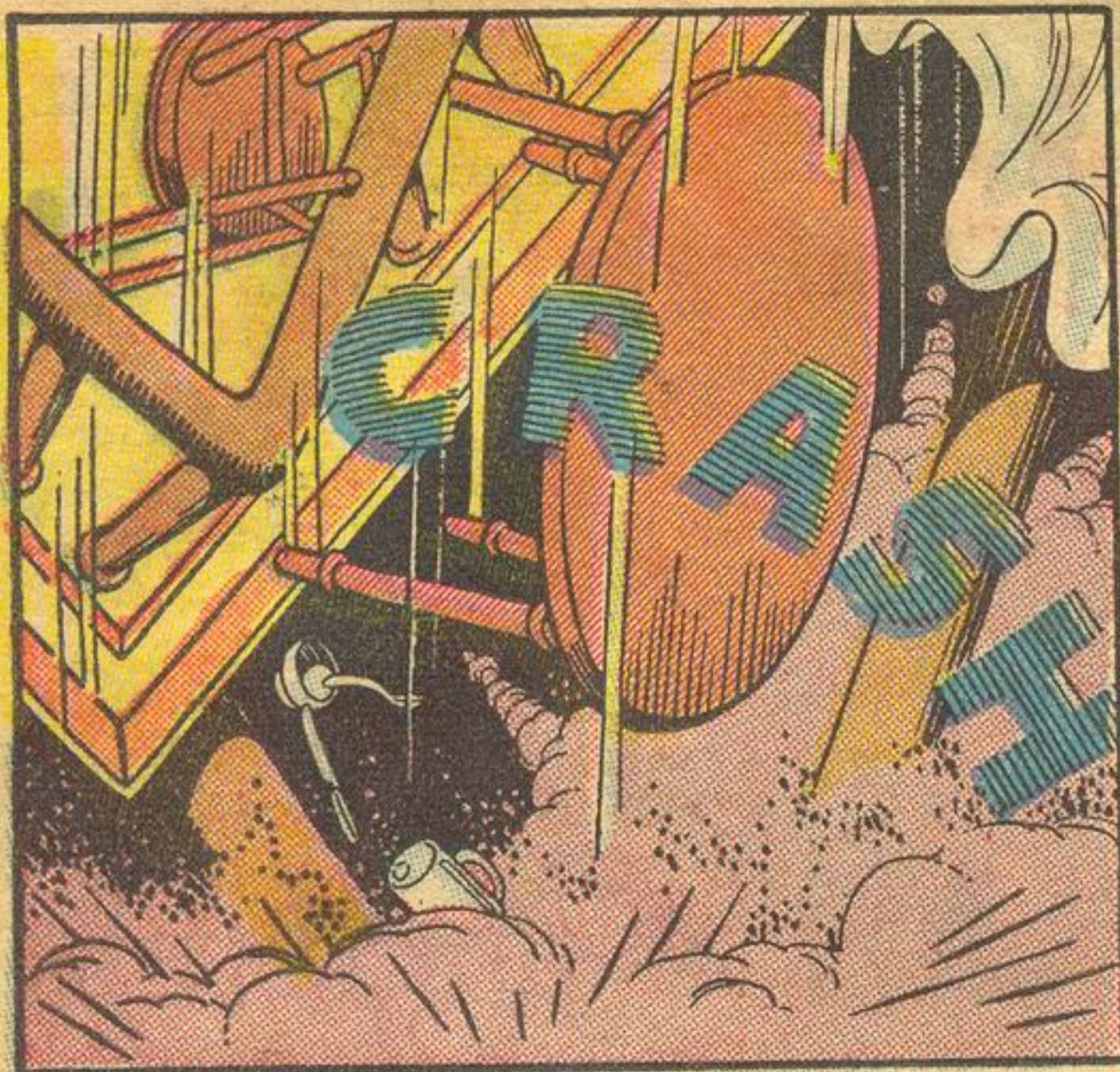


# HIT COMICS





# HIT COMICS





# HATE Takes the air

"THAT'S odd, Keep," Kid Eternity said. "Two girls and a man just started into that building down there. They stopped, looked at a sign on the door and ran off down the street. Now that man just came out of a doorway near by and is taking the sign down. Come on. I want to see what the sign says."

Before Mr. Keeper could protest, Kid Eternity was streaking down toward the city street. Still in his invisible form he landed beside the man. The stranger was a sharp-faced man with a thin, sneering mouth. He was laughing softly, looking at a card on which was printed: DANGER! SMALLPOX! Now he tossed the card aside and went in through a door marked: NORRIS TELEVISION STUDIO.

Kid Eternity followed and Mr. Keeper, groaning, tagged along. The stranger went through an inner waiting room and into a brand-new television studio, its stage laid out for a dramatic show, its cameras and lights and equipment set and focussed. A pleasant-looking young man whirled from a panel board, his face hardening. "What are you doing here, Slade?" he asked.

The newcomer laughed nastily. "You go on the air in three minutes with your first television show, Norris. That means you win. The Commission agreed to license whichever station got a program on the air first. Mine won't be ready until tonight, so you win."

"No thanks to you," Norris said coldly. "You tried every dirty, underhanded trick to block me." He glanced at the clock worriedly. "An actor and two actresses should be here now. If they don't get here, I won't have any show. If you've done something to them—"

Slade laughed. "I haven't touched your talent, Norris. But I hear they might not show up. If they don't, you're licked."

Kid Eternity had heard enough. Angrily he pronounced the mystic word: ETERNITY. There was a flash and the Kid stood revealed to the gaping pair. "They won't show up, Mr. Norris. I saw this man Slade scare them off by hanging a Smallpox sign on your door."

Norris took an angry step forward. Slade chuckled. "Fighting with me won't save your license. Why don't you give up?"

"I'll have to," Norris groaned. "I can't assemble another show and I'm due on the air in a minute and a half. And every cent I had is tied up in this studio and equipment. You win, Slade, you rat—"

"No, he doesn't," Kid Eternity said sharply. "Get your cameras ready. I'll furnish a show to beat any you ever planned." He spoke the mystic word and suddenly a strange, compelling figure stood beside him. "How about magic by Harry Houdini himself, for a starter."

Dazed but game, Norris sprang to his equipment. A few seconds later the great Houdini was performing for thousands of television watchers. In rapid succession, Kid Eternity summoned other greats from the stage of the past—Eva Tanguay, Edwin Booth, even Buffalo Bill with a Wild West exhibition.

Through this the dumbfounded Slade could only gape. But as the Kid sent Sarah Bernhardt back to Eternity, Slade suddenly sprang forward, jerking a gun from his pocket. "You tricked me but you won't get the license. I'll take care of you."

There was not even time to pronounce the word that would bring aid from beyond the Veil. As the gun levelled at Norris, Kid Eternity himself sprang forward. He caught Slade's arm and knocked it aside as the gun blasted harmlessly into the studio wall.

A moment later the word ETERNITY rang in the air and a mighty figure flashed into view to whirl the snarling Slade around. Kid Eternity grinned. "Thanks, John. Take him on the stage for your bit."

Then The Kid saw that Norris, overcome at last by the shocked recognition of the newcomer, had forgotten his post at the microphone. The clock on the wall showed that the program had only four minutes left to run.

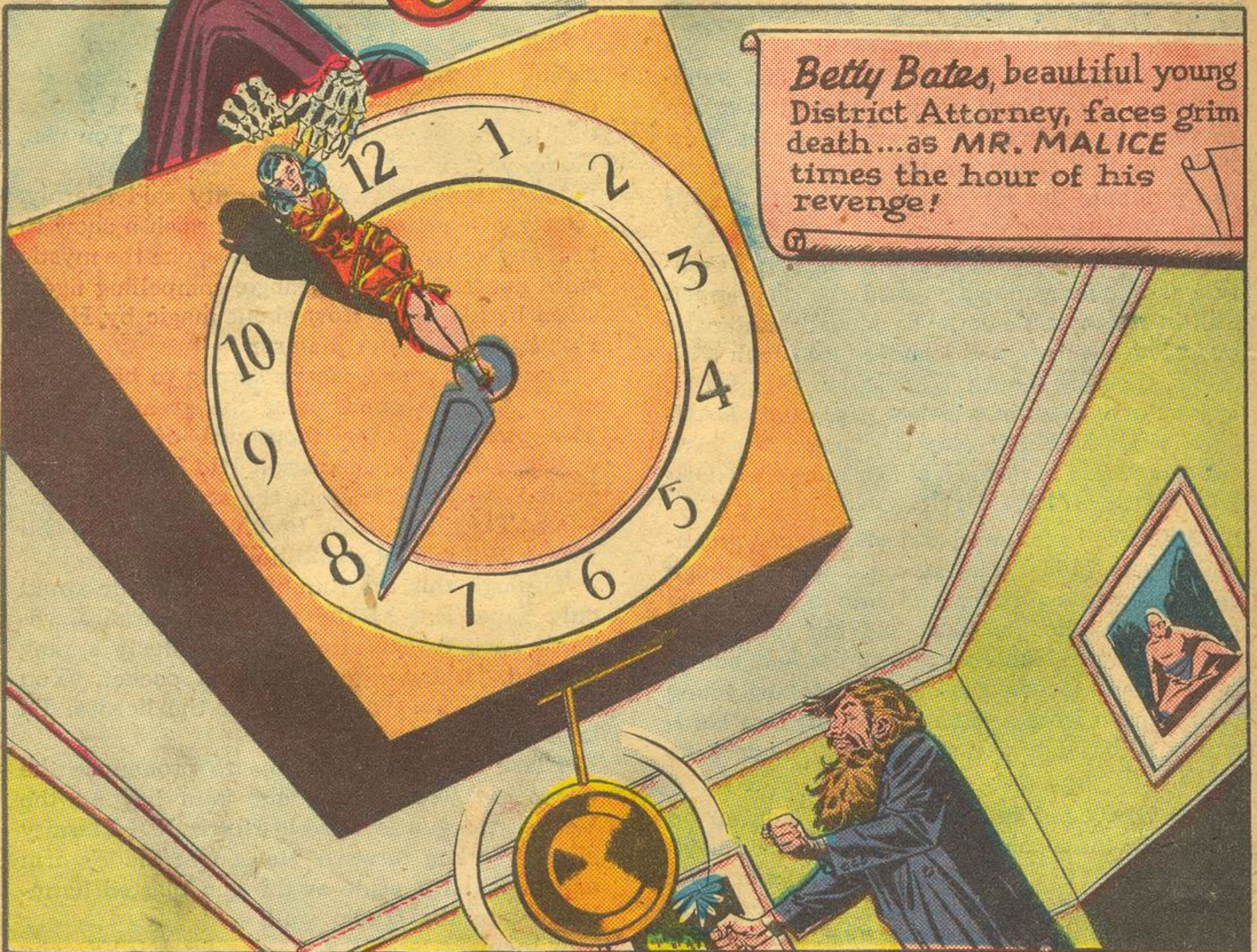
Kid Eternity snatched the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, for our last performance of the afternoon, we give you—the great John L. Sullivan in an exhibition bare-knuckle boxing match."

And there, under the blazing lights of the studio, Norris, Kid Eternity and Mr. Keeper watched what thousands of television fans were also watching—John L. Sullivan give a rat named Slade the kind of working over he really deserved.



HIT COMICS

# Betty BATES



*Betty Bates*, beautiful young District Attorney, faces grim death...as **MR. MALICE** times the hour of his revenge!

One day, in 1946, in a court of justice.

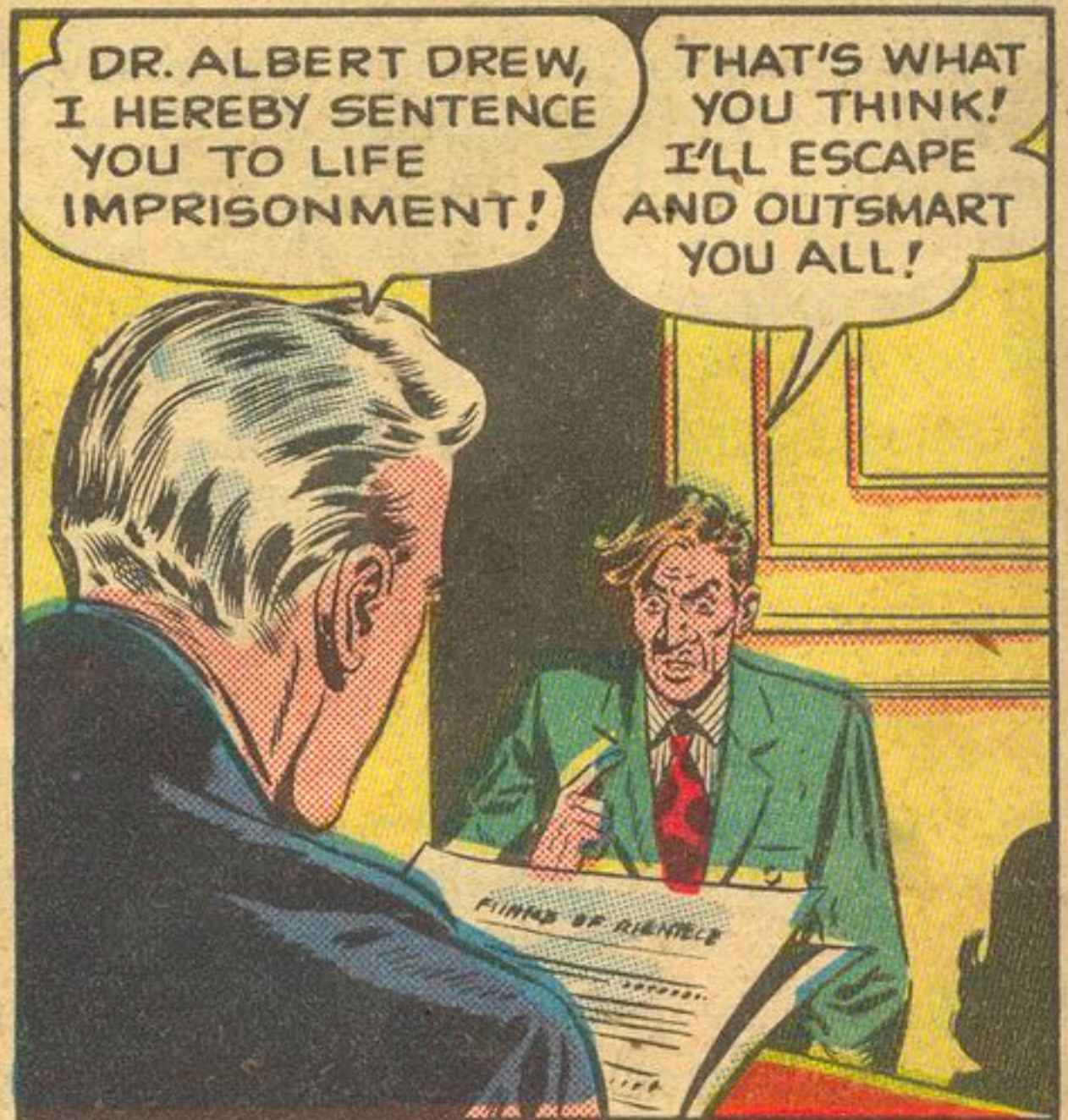
HAS THE JURY REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER!



DR. ALBERT DREW, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'LL ESCAPE AND OUTSMART YOU ALL!









Weeks and months dragged slowly into years and Dr. Drew, now number 36244, was a model prisoner... but he had not forgotten his courtroom promise...

I'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND KILL THE D.A., TOO! IT'LL TAKE TIME TO PLAN CAREFULLY... I HAVE LOTS OF TIME!

THEN ONE NIGHT...

BANG BANG

SREEE-EE

BANG BANG BANG

I MUST TIME THIS RIGHT! WHILE ATTENTION IS ON THE OTHERS, I'LL ESCAPE! I PLANNED THIS BREAK THAT WAY!

RAIN WILL WASH AWAY MY TRACKS AND DR. DREW WILL VANISH FOREVER!

BETTY? A BIG STORY IS COMING OVER THE TELETYPE! THERE'S BEEN A PRISON BREAK! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER WITH POLICE PROTECTION!

CITY ROOM

BUT LARRY, IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT! WHY...

BECAUSE, SWEET-HEART, THE ONLY PRISONER WHO ESCAPED WAS DR. DREW AND HE MAY TRY TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT TO YOU!



# HIT COMICS

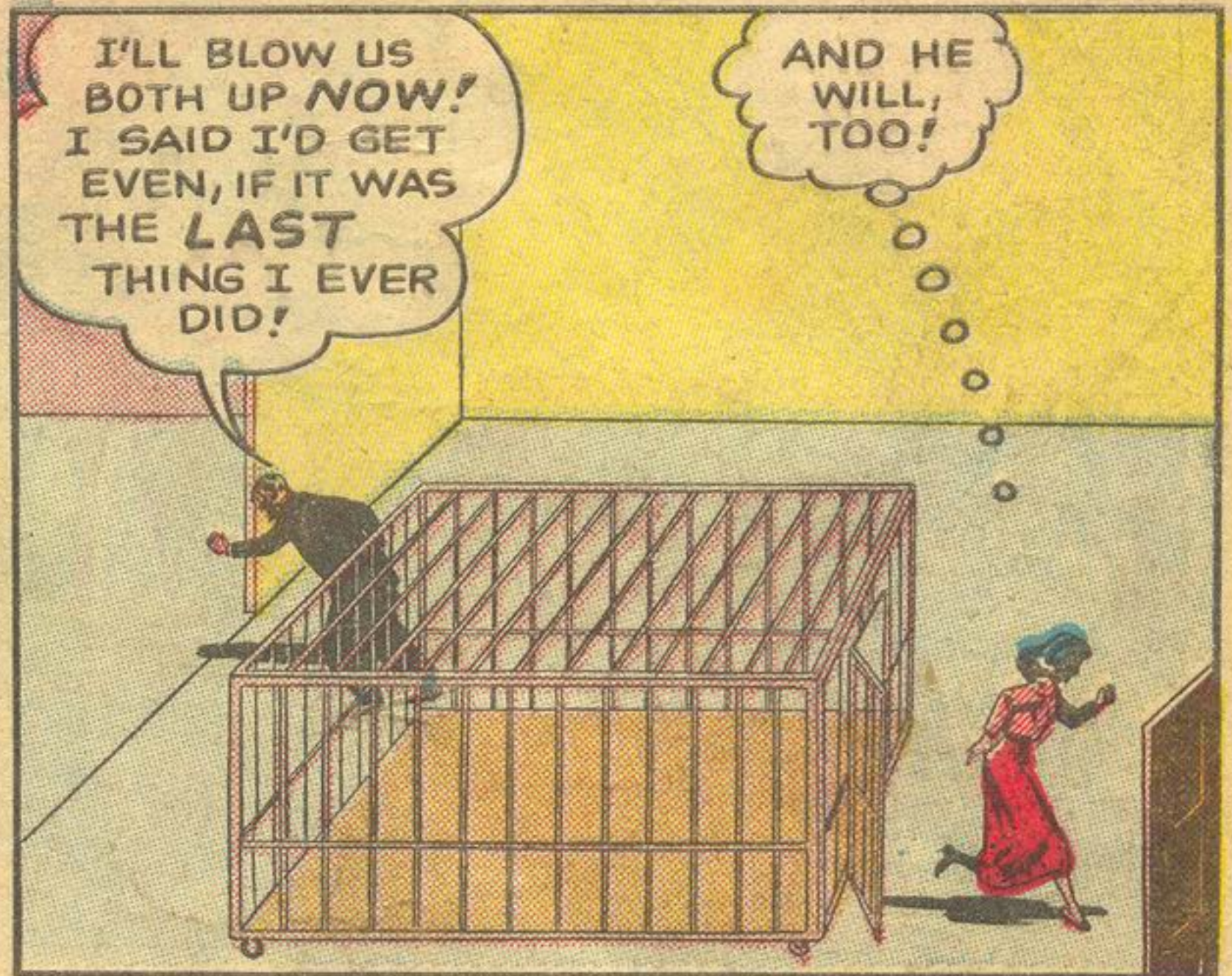




# HIT COMICS



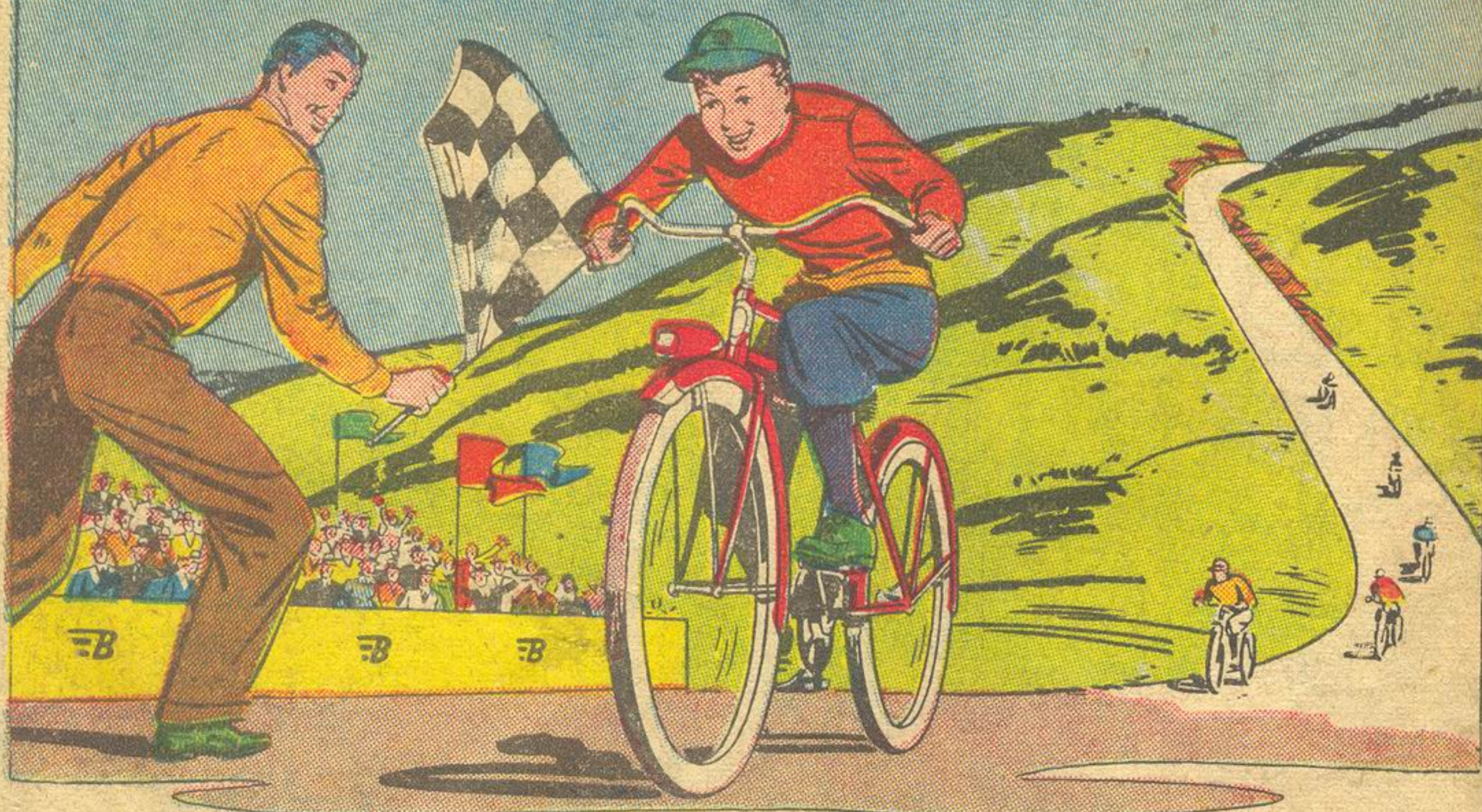




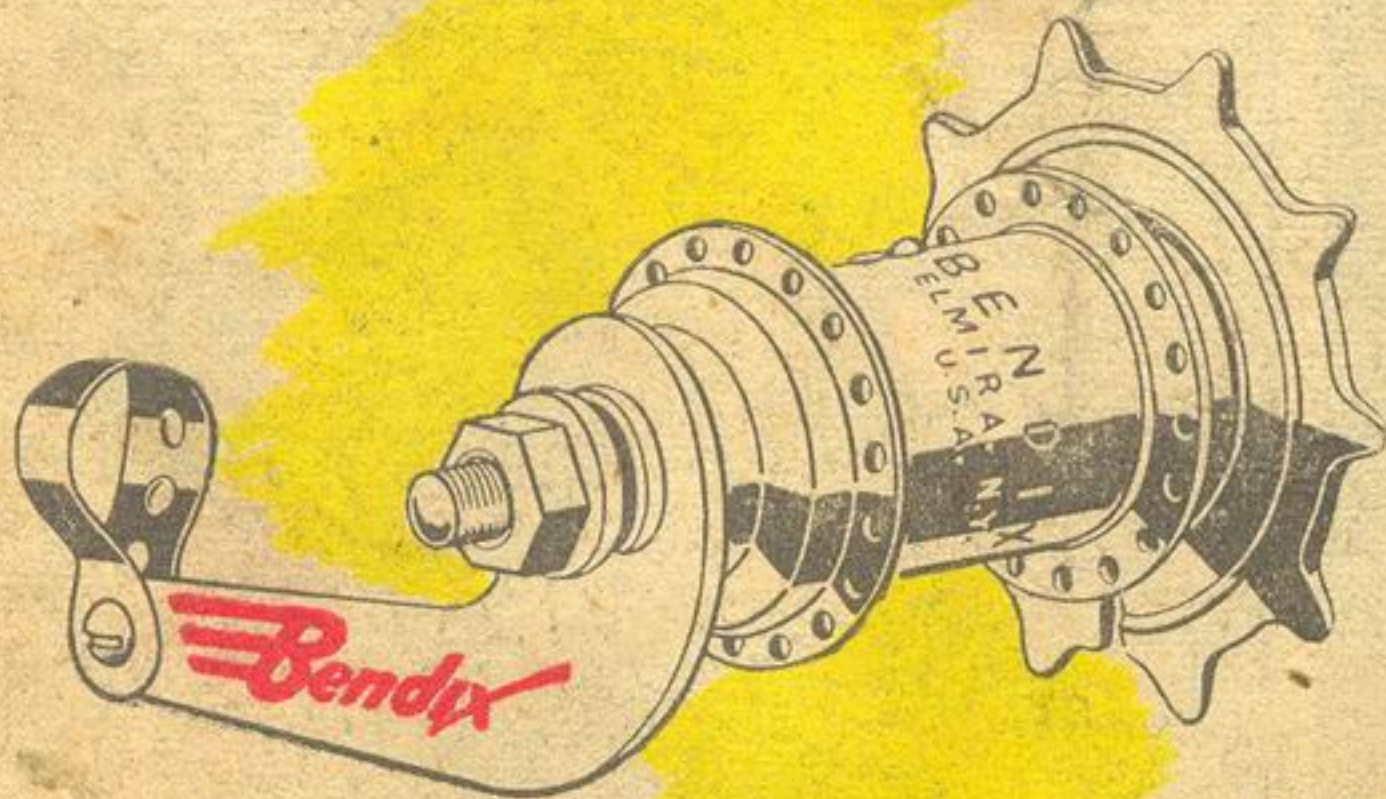




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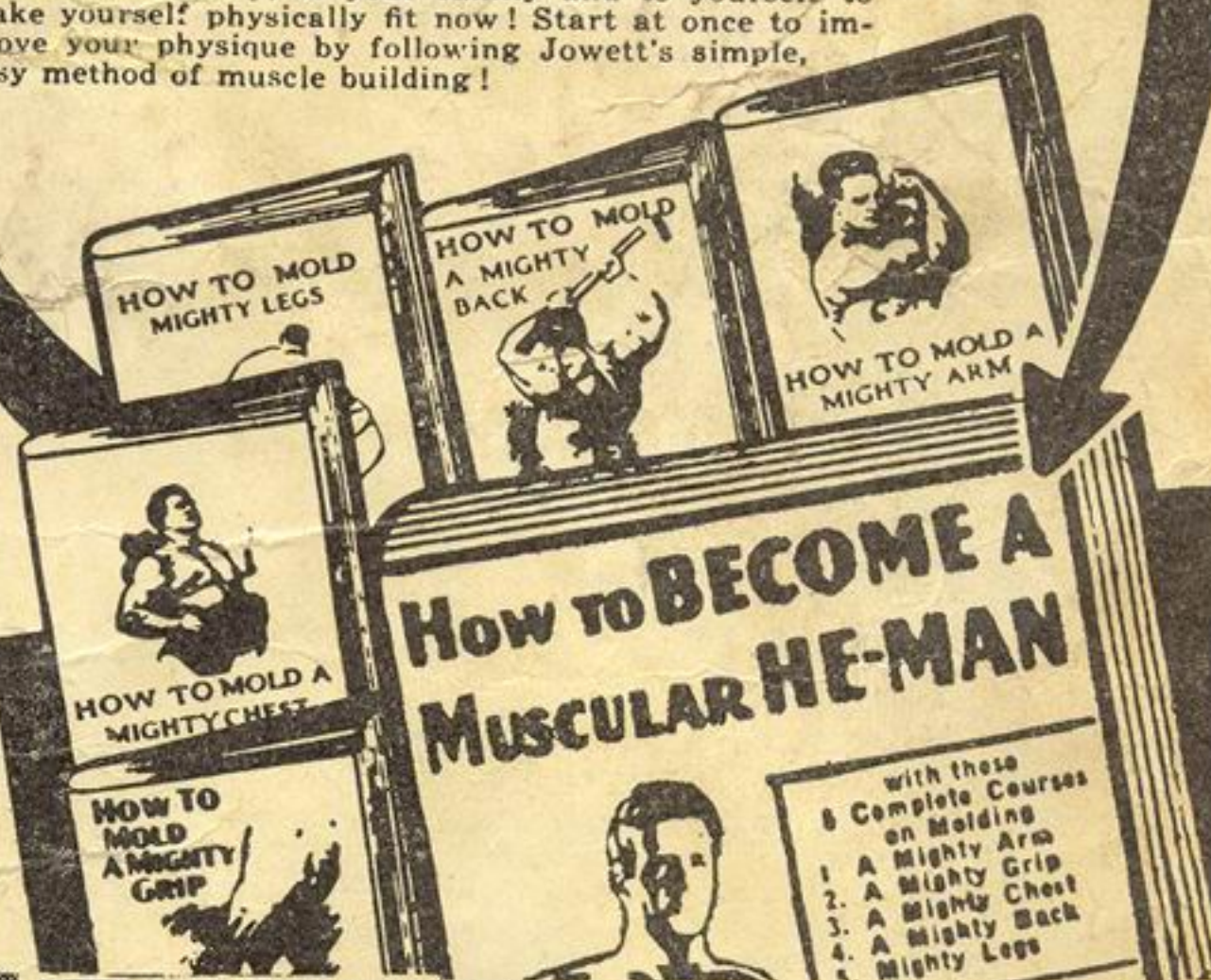


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# What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and look different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

### One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

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